



"Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man."

Wet Falls make poor Sheep.
We have heard a good deal of complaint this fall that sheep are leaner than common in our vicinity, and the cause of it has been attributed to wet weather.

It is important for farmers to examine into this fact, and if their flocks exhibit any falling off in flesh, or any diminution of vigor, it would be well to shift them from a moist to a drier pasture, and perhaps give them some extra chance for feed, and mayhap a little provender. It is easier putting sheep into a condition now to winter well, by having them come to the barn by and by in good condition, than it is to nurse them and feed them extra, after they have come to their winter quarters, and the snows and cold are preventing their thriving.

Some of our farmers are diminishing their flocks, discouraged by the low price of wool and the signs of the times. It is best to move cautiously and keep as stable as possible in this business, consistent with prudence and good economy. It is true the woolen horizon looks rather murky, and the political "Seers" tell diverse stories according to the spirit which prompts their divination. But "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," and it will be time enough to "lay the axe" to the head of the sheep, when the death warrant shall have passed that assembly of sense and folly, reason and insanity, called Congress. If we were permitted to advise, we would any keep on "the even tenor of your way." Kill no sheep but the old and the invalid. Sell none to the butcher but such as you have selected yourself and fattened for him. Breed from the best you can find, and be not too niggardly in your endeavors and expenditure in finding the best.

It would be strange indeed if all kinds of business should always be good, and it would be still more strange if wool growing should not have to suffer its reverses as well as other business. These reverses should not discourage too much, but teach us to look out and prepare for them, and arrange matters in such a way that when the times turn favorable, you will not have to incur too much expense in order to reap its advantages.

Quinces in Maine.

We wish to ascertain to what extent quinces have been raised in Maine. Some were exhibited, the other day, at the Kennebec County Agricultural Society's Show, raised in Readfield; and we have been told that they have been successfully cultivated for a series of years, on a farm in Leeds, belonging, or formerly belonging, to Mr. Caswell.

If any of our readers can give us further information on this subject, they will confer a favor, not only upon us, but many others. It has been thought that our winters were a little too severe for this fruit—that the frosts would kill too much of the previous summer's growth, and thus keep the tree constantly in the dwarf state, and prevent the formation of fruit. If there is any peculiar mode required to obviate these troubles, if they exist, we should like to learn them. The fruit, it is well known, is much sought after for making preserves, and meets with a ready sale, and a good price in the markets.

Curious Mode of Calculating the Probable Yield of Wheat.

It is a very good proverb, "Never count your chickens before they are hatched," and though the chances of disappointment in regard to crops are not always as great as in unhatched chickens, yet it may apply pretty well to them. As some people are oftentimes curious to know what will probably be the amount of their wheat crop, and as it may sometimes be desirable to come to some conclusion in regard to the crop before it is harvested, we will give the following mode, sometimes practiced in England and in other parts of Europe, for that purpose.

"About the time the wheat is blooming, generally about the beginning of June, (winter wheat in England,) a person will go round with a gauge secured in a hollow cane, which forms, when opened, a triangle, and represents a certain portion of an acre of ground. This is placed over various portions of the standing crop, in the best and in the worst parts of the field. The number of ears of wheat comprised within the triangle, is counted, and the probable quality of the grain is taken into calculation, according as the spring has been wet or dry. On the former supposition the grain is likely to shrink; on the latter, to harden and come out plump.

It may be observed, that if there has been a good general rain during the last ten days of April, and the first ten days of May, on the average no more wet is required in that climate, (England,) for wheat. An expert gauger will form a very accurate estimate of the probable produce of a given district, by this method."

Gathering and Preserving Winter Apples.

This is a subject of no small importance to many farmers in Maine. We copy the following from the *Genesee Farmer*, which we suppose is from the pen of Mr. Barry, the Editor of the *Horticultural Department* in that valuable paper. "Apples intended for keeping, should be allowed to remain in the tree until severe frosts are apprehended, or until they begin to ripen or drop.

They should then be carefully picked from the tree with the hand, and placed gently in baskets, the least carelessness now wounds and bruises fruit, in such a way as may in a great measure lose the crop. The apples, when picked by hand from the tree into baskets, should be transferred carefully into new barrels. When the barrel is full it should be gently shaken, and it should be so full that the cover will press closely the fruit. They should then be placed in a dry cool place, until it is time to remove them to the cellar." This is similar to the mode pursued in this State for the preservation of apples.

Cattle Show of the County of Kennebec, Me.

On Wednesday and Thursday, the 8th and 9th of this month, we attended the Kennebec Show at Readfield, about twelve miles west of Hallowell, having been requested by the Committee of the Society to address the members on this occasion. Wednesday was fair and a charming day. The farmers turned out in great numbers and entered heartily into the spirit of the Show. The Kennebec farmer is proud of his six tees, and well he may be, for we know not where we could travel to find its equal. We have been at the exhibitions in the counties of Essex, Plymouth, Bristol, Middlesex, Worcester and Hampshire, in our own State. But we have seen no ox team equal in number, size and symmetry of form, taken altogether, to the team at Readfield.

The truth is the farmers in that county have turned their attention to this object. They breed cattle for the eastern market, for the lumber business, and large and powerful cattle only are wanted there. The eastern market is preferred to Brighton, and these oxen bring ten per cent more there than we should pay in Massachusetts. It is no uncommon affair to sell five year old oxen at \$100 and upwards per yoke.

At Readfield we saw an almost interminable string of working oxen, and but very few over five years old. Some of these are seven feet and a half in the girth. Their forms come near to perfection. Deep chests, broad backs, short legs, fine hair, small bone in proportion to weight, and bright and active as heavy cattle can be. In Worcester and Middlesex counties more attention is paid to color, and much time is spent to procure males of the same cast. In Kennebec more attention has been paid to form and size than to color.

Yet here the prevailing color is red. You see some of a brown cast—some of a yellow brindle—some mottled like the Durham stock, and in all there is probably a mixture of Durham blood. This crossing has given larger cattle, and has improved the form of the animals; and for draft they are now quite large enough for all purposes. They are much better for most farmers than full blood Durhams would be. We see a little of the Yorkshire hind quarters in some of the animals—and the Hereford blood appears in others; but no Ayrshire or Alderney.

There were but few cows exhibited. Much better made in Maine, but we believe that farmers there have not been half so attentive to select a breed of milkers as they have for the yoke. Some Saxony and Merino sheep were exhibited. We believe a mixture of these with the native sheep, or with the larger imported animals, is preferred to the full blood Merino, or Saxony.

On the second day of the Show the weather was rainy; yet there were many people on the ground, and the meeting-house was filled to overflowing to hear the address. The females appeared in respectable numbers, and contributed much to the interest of the Show. Many articles of domestic manufacture were presented for premiums, and from the notice we were able to take they were deserving of a share of the funds.

A few single teams contended for prizes in the plough field; and one yoke of these oxen in team enough for any common grass plough. We were obliged to hurry away before the premiums were declared to avoid being left by the Steamer that started from Hallowell at half past two. We could have enjoyed a whole week in the county where we formerly sojourned for ten years, but other business called us away.

Kennebec county is excellent grazing land, and a great portion of it is good for tillage. Corn ripens here with nearly as much certainty as in the western counties of Massachusetts, but the corn is an earlier kind. Potatoes generally are abundant and excellent, but they suffer this year from the rot more than they have done before. At the dinner table, Mr. Foster of Winthrop, showed Isabella grapes that had ripened in his own garden. We did not expect this, as they often fail to come to maturity in open gardens near Boston. He also showed a very good seedling apple that has recently taken the name of the Winthrop apple. Apples may be raised in great perfection here, as no canker worms have found the way, and no apple worms have been found in the fruit. Yet we see but a few orchards here that are not required to yield a harvest of hay as well as of apples. The orchardist will find that none but very rich land will produce first rate fruit unless the soil is kept constantly broken. The soil must not be allowed to bind out in grass.

The Society had a very good dinner at one of the public houses in Readfield. The charge to each was only twenty-five cents, though the meats were brought warm to the tables. When cold meats only are provided the expense is not so much by one third. The managing committees of our Massachusetts Societies would do well to note this economical example.—[Mass. Ploughman.]

Garlic a Cure for Epidemic in Swine.—It was stated at a late meeting of a farming society, that garlic was an effective cure for the epidemic among pigs; that a few cloves (two or three) bruised and boiled in a little milk, and given when the disease had set in, would immediately counteract it. The following was brought forward among many others, in proof of this: A man who bred pigs extensively, was prevailed upon by a neighboring farmer, to give a few cloves of garlic, in the manner I have stated, to six pigs which had been attacked with the disease. This was done in the evening, and on the following morning they were perfectly recovered; whilst two others that had been attacked by the disease at the same time, in the same piggery, but to which the garlic had not been administered, were found dead. If garlic be such a remedy as the foregoing, which many other cases prove it to be, I think every person should avail himself of this, by planting in his garden a few cloves of this simple cure for a malignant distemper.

[New Farmer's Journal.]

Industry and Economy.

L. TUCKER, Esq.—Several years ago, on a cold raw day in November, public business called me to the house and farm of Mr. DONLEY CHASE, then and still residing in the town of Winchester, in this State. I was so highly pleased with the amount of labor performed in doors and out, with the help employed, that I then made memorandums of the same in writing, and think it worthy of a place in your very worthy agricultural journal. I have no doubt of the truth of what I state, although it may seem extraordinary. The work was none of it slighted, but was all, in doors and out, done in an excellent manner, and in due season.

They then lived in an old inconvenient house in the middle of their farm, and had no public road to the house, but have now a good convenient house, and a good road passing by it. Mr. C. was, as might be expected, a subscriber to the *New England Farmer*, published at Boston, perhaps the only agricultural periodical then published hereabouts. He had that year kept and milked 16 cows, and made 6,500 lbs. cheese, 450 lbs. butter, and fat 2,700 lbs. pork, and in doing which, he bought a load of bran and 70 bushels of corn.

Mrs. Chase and a hired girl did the work in the house. They had three children, the oldest then four years old, and the youngest born the preceding August.

Mr. C., with the help of a boy 16 years old, had done all the work on the farm, raised 3 acres of corn and potatoes, made 16 rods of stone wall, got out his manure, and got in his hay, collected materials for a large and convenient farm-house, and his year's wood; made 575 lbs. of maple sugar, of which he saved for his own use 30 lbs., and cleared on the rest over expenses of transportation, \$50.20, and 2 galls. of molasses sold for \$2.00. Sold 5,400 lbs. of his cheese for 8 cents a pound, and his calf-skins for \$9.28. Collected the apples for 25 barrels of cider, carried them more than a mile to the mill and brought back the cider.

His team consisted of a single horse and no more, and he used no other during the year, except to break up one acre of sward land for planting. And with that same horse, he went to market in trips from 7 to 53 miles out, each amounting in the whole to 428 miles, and he thinks about the same distance in shorter trips.

He bought his farm on credit, but by the industry and economy, not parsimony, above described, had been enabled to pay for his farm, and furnish himself and family with all the comforts of life. My daughter drank tea at his house a few days ago, and informed me that everything is managed as well as when I was there.

Let it should be thought I have some interest in putting a particular friend or connection, I can say, and say truly, that I never saw or heard of the man or any of his family, till the occasion first mentioned, nor have I any personal connection with them or any more friendship for them than for any others, but that by industry and good management, make themselves comfortable and respectable. Such folks I wish to encourage, and as far as in my power, present to others for example, and therefore hope you will not refuse this place in the *Cultivator*.

Plymouth, Conn. June 16.—[Albany Cultivator.]

Mr. Quincy's Address at New York.—The Tribune has the following notice of the address at Utica delivered by J. Quincy, Jr.

"Hon. Josiah Quincy, Jr. of Boston, delivered the Annual Address before the New York State Agricultural Society on Thursday afternoon, in the presence of ten thousand New York farmers. It was admirable in manner, good in matter, and would have been too short, but that a shower commenced directly after its close.

Mr. Quincy's theme was not Agriculture, but the American Farmer—his position, opportunities, sources of enjoyment and of just pride and satisfaction. He contrasted the Farmer's slow but certain gains with the precarious career of Trade, in which nine-tenths fail, or of the crowded Professions. He urged that the Farmer should not be a mere digger of dirt, but a social man, who gives sweet intellectual being; that his familiarity with Nature invites to this, and his opportunities for moral improvement, rightly appreciated, are surpassed by none. He painted the fertility of the office-seeker's aspirations, and urged with great energy of argument and beauty of illustration, enlivened by the humor for which Mr. Quincy is famous. He made himself merry with the *Farmers of Monticello*, of the *Hermitage*, of North end, of Ashland, of Marshfield, &c.;—observing that farmers it was quite evident that every farmer could not be President, it seemed no less certain that every President must be a farmer. He showed that the greatest Warriors and Rulers have, in the midst of their splendor and power, sighed for the delights of rural retirement and comparative freedom from care, and urged that the Farmer may enjoy at once and always that which the envious so long pine for and so rarely attain. He is a social man, who gives sweet promise of health of body, serenity of mind and competency of estate—which concentrates the joys of earth and opens the gates to Heaven."

NAMES OF TREES—LABELS.—It is of great importance for every farmer to preserve the names of his fruit trees; and no amateur cultivator should think himself worthy of a name whose garden and fruit ground is not registered and labelled.

It is best in every case to have a fruit book, in which should be entered the name of each tree, its place, time of planting, from whom obtained, how old it was from the graft or bud, when set out, its size, condition, &c. Such a book kept in the house, is a sure and permanent record of the names of your fruit trees. Besides this, each tree should have a label attached to it. For, in passing through an orchard or fruit garden, it is desirable to know the names of trees without the inconvenience of carrying your book under your arm. The labels are for daily use; the book keeps a permanent record, so that if a label be lost the name of the tree does not go with it. It is quite provoking to examine a friend's premises without being able to learn the name of a single tree. Besides, every cultivator should know the names of his trees as well as of his cattle; otherwise they will get local names, and the same fruit have a new name at each orchard.—[Indiana Farmer.]

IMPORTANT DECISION. The Express publishes an important decision of the Court of Chancery, declared by Vice Chancellor Sandford. Until very recently it has been supposed that our mechanics and manufacturers had a right to adopt the names and marks of manufacturers of foreign countries. It will be seen that they have no right to use the names or marks, or imitate them, but that they will be liable for so doing for the profits of sale, and also for all damages which may accrue for the manufacture of an inferior article.

[N. Y. Farmer.]

Penobscot Agricultural Cattle Show.

The annual jubilee of the Penobscot Agricultural Society took place at Levant village, on the 1st inst. The number of persons in attendance was very large, and among all there seemed to be a general feeling of cordiality and contentment. The display of neat stock was the most extensive, and of the best blood, that has ever been exhibited. Much of the young stock was from the improved breeds that have been brought into the county in years past. This display was highly gratifying, as showing the general improvement going on in this department, among the farmers generally, in the county.

There were few agricultural implements exhibited, but these were of great excellence, particularly the mighty stump pulling machine.

The unpleasant appearance of the weather, probably, prevented many of the good women of our county from offering many specimens of their handiwork, for exhibition. The articles presented were of excellent quality, and of a utilitarian character—the substantial things for use and comfort.

But few of the manufacturers in the county interested themselves to exhibit specimens of their work, but those who did exhibit, did it up in great style. The Boot and Shoemaker were well represented, and had boots and shoes of great excellence of workmanship and stock, and of the various kinds suited for the feet of a beautiful bride, the exposed river-driver, the wading hunter, or the exquisite beau.

The Butter and Cheese were of the finest quality. The competitors were not numerous. We noticed a fine lot exhibited by Hon. Amasa Stetson, of Stetson, our late Senator. He is a good farmer, and then his wife is equally good and wise in her department, and their united skill enables them to command through the season one shilling a pound for their butter, all of which goes to the Bangor House. The tempting aroma of this butter, and its rich taste, exciting such exquisite titillation, that many persons stood ready to purchase, but it was all destined for our friend Woodard, of the Bangor House.

The Fruit department was well represented.—Neither the quantities or variety were as large as last year, but the specimens were good, although some of the best orchards in the county were not represented.

On account of the rain in the afternoon the interest of the Fair was somewhat abated. A large number gathered into the meeting house to examine the manufactures, and to listen to the reports of the committees, who were not prepared to report, and the time was occupied, at the request of the President, by remarks of a member of the society. Take it altogether it was a very satisfactory Cattle Show, and much more fully attended than usual. Improvement is getting to be the order of the day among farmers, and the effect of this will be more and more visible at every succeeding Cattle Show in Penobscot. [Bangor Courier.]

Flax a Restorative and not an Exhausting Crop.

In a paper read by Dr. Kane before the Royal Irish Academy, that gentleman attempted to prove, that in the production of the fibre no exhaustion of the soil takes place, that substance being exclusively composed of organic matter derived from water and the atmosphere. He says, in this respect the fibre differs from the woody stem which it surrounds, as the latter, by combustion, yields a considerable quantity of ash, consisting of inorganic compounds derived from the soil; but then, the woody part of the plant is not removed off the farm, it being of exceedingly little value; and, however the cultivation of the crop may exhaust the particular part of the farm on which it was grown, by the matter contained in this woody fibre, it is apparent, that the farm itself will not thereby be exhausted, as these matters are returned to some other portion of it, in conjunction, perhaps, with the manure of the farmyard. The proportion of inorganic matters contained in the seeds is very small compared with its entire bulk, so that the consumption of the seed on the farm not only makes the flax a non-exhausting crop, but absolutely a restorative one. [Am. Ag.]

Method of preserving Pork.

MR. EDITOR.—I am aware that much has been written on this subject, and also that the great mass will continue in the beaten track of their good old fathers, because they are unwilling to run any hazard, and I am fully satisfied that there is a great difference in cellars, some favorable to the preservation of meat, others unfavorable; and so of other articles. The method which I have adopted for two years past, has previously been practiced by some of my friends with complete success, where the flax in the mode had often failed. I took my pork the same day of killing, (even though it be not fairly cooled through,) in the common mode, except I use Turk's Island or rock salt. The same day I scald and skim my brine till it is perfectly pure, then boil and pour to my pork boiling hot. It penetrates at once equally, takes from it all stringy and tough qualities, renders it brittle, adds much to its flavor, and is the safest method I ever practiced. Shoreham, Vt.

The method of curing pork above described is new to us, and we should be unwilling to venture its success. If others have practiced it we should like to be informed of the results.—Eo.

[Albany Cultivator.]

SURVEYING INSTRUMENTS. Mr. George D. Varney, of Newbury, has recently invented a new Compass and Theodolite, for which he has a patent secured. This instrument has many advantages over the common surveying compass, and has been highly recommended by several distinguished teachers of surveying, and also by the U. S. Civil Engineer, at the Portsmouth Navy Yard. It takes the vertical as well as the horizontal angles with much greater accuracy than the instruments now in use, and by means of a vernier plate and telescope revolving with it, a piece of ground can be surveyed without using the needle, excepting at the first point, which is of decided advantage where there is any attraction in the vicinity. The needle is much longer than that of the Theodolite, and by means of a piece passing to the revolving telescope, a sight can be obtained at any object with much greater accuracy, than with the common sights of the circumferentor.

The instrument combines the principles of the Theodolite, Circumferentor, and Protractor, all acting as single instruments, and its excellence consists in its simplicity, accuracy, and the facility with which a knowledge of the art of practical surveying is attained. This simplicity renders it of great advantage in an especial manner to learners, and it ought to be introduced into every school in which surveying is taught. [Newburyport Herald.]

NEW RAILWAY BRIDGE. Rev. F. H. Mahenly, of Stowmarket, Eng., has obtained a patent for a railway bridge, by which a whole train of cars can be stopped almost instantly.

Song of Harvest Home.

[From the Saturday Courier.]

BY WM. C. LODGE.
Our Harvest is ended—
Let's join in a song,
That the sweet-scented zephyrs
May waft it along,
O'er the hill and the valley,
The river and plain,
Till it echoes from forest
And mountain again.
To the Lord of the Harvest
Our song we will sing;
And this be the incense,
Together we bring,
For the blessings of sunshine,
Of dew and of rain;
The flowery pasture,
And fields of bright grain.
The bee-haunted valley,
And meadow are still,
And the ruck of the sickle
Has ceased on the bill;
The voice of the mower
Salutes not the morn,
For the harvest is gathered,
And sown is the barn.
The grey feathered warblers
Of orchard and grove,
Are tuning their voices
In accents of love;
And the clear sunny streamlet
Bursts forth in a song,
Through the green mossy borders
It wanders along.
And the breeze of the morning,
That steals from the bowers
The breath of its freshness,
The scent of the flowers,
With its music of murmurs,
Invites from toil,
To a thankful giving,
For gifts of the soil.
Oh, come, while all nature
Delights to prolong,
The incense of worship,
In free-offered song;
If the Lord of the Harvest
Will smile on our store,
And deign us a blessing,
We ask for no more.

AMERICAN APPLES IN ENGLAND.

—We learn from the N. Y. True Sun a circumstance showing the results of careful culture as applied to fruit as well for home consumption as for fame abroad. Robert L. Pell, Esq., of Pelham, Westchester county, has an orchard of twenty thousand apple trees, all bearing Newton pippins. By trimming and the application of the best manures, he has brought the fruit to unusual size and excellence. The apples are picked and packed in barrels, without being rolled or jolted in carts, and so arrive in the very best order for shipment. Last year they were sold in London at \$21 a barrel, and the merchant to whom they were consigned, wrote that the nobility and other people of great wealth had actually bought them at a guinea a dozen, which is some forty-five cents an apple.—Mr. Pell has from three to four thousand barrels of the apples this year, which are sold as fast as they arrive at market, at \$6 a barrel, and are all shipped to England. It is quite a business for one of our commission merchants to dispose of the produce of this noble plantation.

We glory in this Robert Pell,
And ever may his apples sell,
Their growth be such as to improve as well
E'en Britain sounds the name of PELL.

BRICK MAKING.—Very few of our readers, we are certain, are aware of the extent to which Brick Making is carried on in the vicinity. We are indebted to a gentleman actively engaged in the business, for some facts which we think cannot fail of being of general interest. There are, he informs us, in the towns of Saco and Biddeford, no less than twenty-six yards where bricks are now making.—He estimates the number of men employed in these yards to be at least 150; their wages to be from \$10 to \$25 a month, averaging \$16, board included.—The number of bricks which will be made at these yards during the season, he thinks, will exceed 10,000,000, and their value delivered upon the wharf or where they are wanted for use in town, about \$400,000. In the burning of these bricks 3500 cords of wood will be consumed, worth about \$2,12 1/2 per cord. There are some thirty or forty horses also employed in the different yards. The expense of delivering the bricks on the wharf, or at the places where they are used, he estimates at 25 cents per thousand, say \$250. The labor of hauling from the yards is chiefly done by oxen. A few horses are employed. It is a gratifying fact, and one which speaks well for the advancing prosperity of the place, that more than a moiety of the bricks made are wanted for the building up of the place. It is supposed that at least 6,000,000 of them will be required the present season to complete the buildings which are already commenced or in contemplation in the towns of Saco and Biddeford. A large portion of them find a market in the neighboring State of Massachusetts. They are shipped to Boston, New Bedford, and other places on the coast, and thus furnish freights for a considerable number of vessels, which are constantly engaged in the business of carrying them off.—[Saco Union.]

SIMPLICITY.—The more I see of the world, the more I am satisfied that simplicity is inseparably the companion of true greatness. I never yet knew a truly great man—a man who overtopped his fellow man, who did not possess a certain playful, almost infantile simplicity. True greatness never struts on the stilts or plays the king upon the stage. Conscious of its elevation, and knowing in what that elevation consists, it is happy to act its part as other men, in the common amusements and business of mankind. It is not afraid of being undervalued.

The amount of inorganic matter removed from an acre of land by the grain of a crop of wheat, has been found, after very careful experiments, to be one pound per bushel. This is a very important fact, as it enables the agriculturist to adapt his manures accordingly. It was proved, likewise, that an inverse ratio is maintained between the proportionate weight per bushel of wheat and the amount of ashes when burned. [N. Y. Farmer.]

A PET HEN. A hen, of the golden pheasant breed, belonging to Mr. Richard Barnes, of Trevelick, has been brought up a pet ever since it was a chicken, comes regularly into the house, and lays its egg on the lap of a child four years old. If the child is absent, it deposits it on the chair whereon the child is accustomed to sit. After it has laid its egg, it is indulged with a few pieces of oat cake, or wheaten bread. [Preston Chronicle.]

Coal Trade.—The coal region in Allegheny, Md., is said to consist of one hundred and thirty thousand acres, underlaid with available coal, fifteen yards thick. In the common way of working it would yield fifty thousand tons per acre, or thirty-two million tons per mile.

FACTS IN WHEAT CULTURE.—The past season has been marked by some important developments in the culture of wheat. Dr. Noble, of Delaware, has tried the relative advantages of planting wheat in drills, nine inches apart, and sowing it broadcast in the usual way. The soil and treatment in other respects were precisely alike. The result was 34 bushels on the sown land, and 42 on the drilled. These experiments were made on fields of some acres.

By planting the kernels just six inches apart each way, and feeding the plant on food containing, in a soluble state, all the elements necessary to build up its entire system, including the materials to form the straw, as well as to carry a gentleman in England has grown at the rate of 160 bushels per acre!

Mr. James Campbell, of Scotland, has tried several interesting and successful experiments in the way of soaking seed wheat, barley and oats with a saturated solution of neutral salts, containing, as nearly as practicable, the precise elements found in the grain. The object of this was to secure to the young plant a double supply of its appropriate nourishment. The effect has been a large increase in the crop, at a very trifling expense.

Other experiments have been tried in France, with a view to determine what portion of the organic, as well as mineral elements found in cultivated plants, is derived from the soil in which they grow, and what from the atmosphere. This is an important inquiry, and one that should be prosecuted in this country. The people of this State have paid something more than \$300,000 for a geological survey of its territory. A tithe of that sum judiciously expended to diffuse among all our rural population a knowledge of the science of agriculture, would confer a tenfold greater benefit on the community at large.—Breaststuffs and provisions must be produced with as little labor in New York as out of it, or farming will be a very losing business in the Empire State.

The manufacture of human food, like the fabrication of clothing, will soon be profitable to those only that combine the greatest skill and knowledge with manual toil. If a farmer will not study the laws of nature, which govern the transformation of certain elements of earth, air and water into corn, oats and potatoes; and the further changes of these vegetables into pork, beef, milk and wool, his hard labor will be of little worth.—[Gen. Farmer.—1844.]

SNAKES AND RABBITS.—Mr. George M. Fulme, writing from Pomona, South Carolina, to the *Columbian Carolinian*, states that on the 28th ult. he found a large black snake, about six feet long, which had a half grown rabbit by the head in the act of swallowing it. The snake was killed, and Mr. Fulme gives this account of what followed: "As soon as I struck the snake, on looking back I found the rabbit coming up, and it stopped immediately at the dead snake's head. I moved it away four or five yards with my foot, but it instantly returned to the snake's head. I then moved the snake, and the rabbit still pursued it, and I left it. About 6 P. M. I returned to the place, together with all my pupils, and the rabbit remained in the identical position in which I had left it. My son moved it again, but it immediately returned to its post at the snake's head, and we left it a second time, still charmed by the continuing spells of the dead serpent. I returned to the spot next morning, but could find no trace of the rabbit. Now, can any one tell what secret power lies hidden in the organization of a serpent which causes this incident?"

We have a snake story to tell, too, which corroborates the foregoing. Several years ago, we happened to make one of a picnic-party on the grounds of Joseph Bonaparte, ex-King of Spain, near Bordentown, New Jersey. While wandering through the shady avenues, our attention was arrested by the piteous tones of a bird. On looking up, we soon discovered the bird, and the cause of its peculiar noise. In the crotch of a cedar, about twelve feet from the ground, was a large black snake, with his head extended along a limb of the tree, lying perfectly motionless. A cat-bird was fluttering in great apparent agony a few feet in front of him, at times approaching very near him, and then retreating backwards beyond the extremity of the limbs of the tree. All the while the bird shrieked, and screamed, and fluttered as if feeling a sense of imminent danger from which it had not the power to extricate itself. We watched it until our sympathies overcame our curiosity, and then knocked the snake out of the tree with a club. We killed him, and threw his carcass on a monument a short distance from the tree. We left the place, and, on returning thither an hour afterwards, were greatly surprised to perceive the cat-bird sitting on the monument close to the dead body of the snake. How long it remained there we do not know, as we did not return to the place again.—[Louisville (Ky.) Journal.]

SAVING SEED.—It has often occurred to me that sufficient care has not been exercised in saving seed of vegetables from the finest part of the crop. If we breed live stock, of whatever kind, we invariably select the parents from the best of our flock or stud. So, with regard to flowers, no one would sow seed from inferior flowers, but should select from the best specimens; and it is by following up the system that great improvements have been made. Thinking the same effects would accrue from a more careful selection of culinary seed, and that a much greater degree of productiveness might be attained, about three years ago I began an experiment with long pod beans. I carefully selected the finest and fullest pods for seed, taking none with fewer than five beans in each. Next year, I had a good sprinkling of pods with six in each; these were saved for seed. The following year there were many six-seeded pods and some with seven. Following up the same plan, I find many more six and seven-seeded pods, than of a less number, and some with eight seeds. There are still a few plants which produce five-seeded pods, and it is worthy of remark, that the five-seeded pods have seldom a six-seeded pod upon them, but all five; on the contrary, a six-seeded plant generally has nearly all the pods bearing six beans or more. As the seed saving season is now coming on, perhaps these may induce others to adopt the plan. If the same hints were adopted with our own crops, by selecting a few of the largest and best yielded ears to save as seed, I have little doubt more productive varieties might be procured. In my younger days I once gathered an ear of barley, which had twenty-two grains on each side; surely the produce from seed of this description would yield a far better crop than such as is frequently sown.

SCOURS IN SHEEP.—Messrs. Editors: I noticed in the *Cultivator* of September 10th, some remarks on the scours in sheep and a cure. I will suggest a cheaper, safer, and more convenient method of cure. Take soot from a chimney, where hard wood is burnt, and give about one table spoonful every two or three hours, till the patient appears relieved. Charcoal, in like quantity, will answer just as well, and it is generally handier to get and use. And one thing is remarkable, in use of charcoal or soot, that an over dose will never do any injury. This remedy is equally safe for human nature, as for any other nature. The easiest way of preparing it, is to make it up into a thick paste, with molasses, then reduce it with water, till it shall be thin enough to drink.

I have not used any thing else also for dysentery for over forty years, and have had it more or less every year, and have found no difficulty in managing it. I have recommended it to others, in many cases, with like good success. PHLO.
Portland, Oct. 1845.

As to the efficacy of charcoal powder in cases of summer complaint in children, and in severe cases of dysentery, we have numerous instances. Very severe cases of dysentery, which physicians have pronounced incurable, have been cured by a dose of finely pulverized charcoal. This valuable medicine for bilious, but doubtless be equally efficacious in the same complaints in quadrupeds. [Boston Cultivator.]

THE DEBTOR'S PRISON IN PARIS, is described by the foreign correspondent of the Newark Daily Advertiser, as follows:

The Prison for Debtors is situated in the Rue de Clichy, a retired quarter, where most of the English population live. To be a candidate for admission to this Retreat, a debt of thirty dollars, in the case of a foreigner, is a necessary qualification. It must be payable to the original creditor; and the candidate must be under seventy years of age. No person can be arrested on a Sunday, or fête day; or in any place of religious worship, or at the constituted authorities; or in any private house, if admittance is refused; or between sunset and sunrise. These popular enactments naturally cause many debtors from England to take refuge in this city. The creditor who puts a man in prison, must make a monthly advance of his board at the rate of six dollars per month; neglecting which, only for a day, the debtor is set at liberty. The doors are opened to him at a fixed time, in proportion to the amount of the debt, and the creditor has no further power to again confine him, the debt being thus legally cancelled. Imprisonment for a debt less than one hundred dollars ceases in two years; in four years for \$200—and in ten years for all sums above a thousand. The lot of these individuals is not very unfortunate. They are deprived of liberty indeed; but they pass a life of ease at the cost of others, and, judging from their faces, I imagine they have a merry time of it. Notwithstanding the universal cry for freedom, men in all countries are ever ready enough to sell it; the only question being about the price.

The twenty cents a day are given directly to the debtor, with which sum he is to provide himself with food and lodging. The government charges him six cents a day for his room, furnished with a bed, two tables and three chairs. One would think it would puzzle him to keep house with the small remainder of this sum, even with an allowance of a sufficient length of tether to enable him to do his marketing himself. But most of them have money at command, or friends, who come to see them, laden with provisions. Should no such providential manna be deposited for their gathering, they still can manage to keep the great enemy of hunger at bay, and even pass the time quite comfortably.

The whole interior administration is vested in a Committee of Ways and Means, elected by the prisoners. A republican government is thus, you observe, already established in the heart of France. This Board have a table d'Hôte, where all, who wish can take their meals at a stipulated sum per day. They have also a capacious kitchen, and grant every one the privilege of cooking whatever he chooses for two cents daily, which is ascertained to remunerate them for the charcoal used. They have, beside, some property, which belongs to the prisoners; such as a billiard table, a nine pin alley, and other things which they let to those who have money they can spare, at the rate, for instance, of two cents for thirty rolls at the alley. The friends of the prisoners are likewise allowed to spend their time with them from 10 o'clock A. M. to 6 P. M. of every day. Each one has his room, which is furnished by himself or friends with various degrees of luxury according to his ability of taste. A fine garden, adorned with trees and flowers, affords an agreeable promenade; and no labor is exacted, but every one consumes his time precisely as he pleases. Many individuals might employ themselves as well within these walls as without; tailors for instance. And so might the poet, the flight of whose fancy is not to be hemmed in by stone partitions. I mean this hint for his particular benefit, for though the poet's corner may be after death in some grand old Westminster Abbey, it is not withstanding in his life time apt to be the inglorious debtor's prison. This, the only institution for the confinement of debtors in the city, is capable of containing four hundred individuals; but at present encloses only one hundred men and eight women.

A NOBLE SOLDIER LIVING IN DOVER, N. H. The oldest survivor in the present catalogue of Harvard University, is Dr. Ezra Green, of Dover, N. H. says the Courier. He was born in Malden, Mass. June 17, 1746, and graduated in 1765, eighty years ago this summer. He joined the New Hampshire regiment in the revolutionary army as a surgeon in June, 1775, and continued till the last of December, 1776; in the meantime, having gone by the way of North River to Montreal, and joined the army on its retreat before the enemy, as they advanced from Quebec. In October, 1777, he enlisted as surgeon on board the Ranger, of 18 guns, Captain Paul Jones. He was on board that vessel when the attempt was made to capture the Earl of Selkirk, and in the action with the Drake. He returned to America in the Ranger, in October, 1778, under the command of Captain Simpson—Jones remaining in France. In the spring of 1779, he went on a cruise with Captain Simpson in the Ranger, in company with the Providence and the Queen of France. These three vessels fell in with six brigs loaded with salt, under convoy of a brig of 14 guns, and took them all and brought them into Portsmouth, N. H., after an absence of three weeks. Shortly afterwards the same vessels made another cruise; fell in with a large Jamaica fleet "homeward bound," loaded with rum, sugar, logwood, pimento, &c., and captured eight of them, seven of which they succeeded in getting into the port of Boston. As they approached the harbor, the house tops were crowded with people, alarmed at the sight of ten large ships coming up, supposing them to be a British fleet. The next year Dr. Green went out in a privateer, and subsequently a letter of Marque. He now resides at Dover, 99 years old on the 28th of June last. [Dover Gazette.]

MR. WEBSTER'S EULOGY. At a meeting of the Suffolk Bar, Mr. Webster pronounced a brief, but very beautiful and impressive eulogy on the lamented Judge Story. The following is the concluding paragraph, reported in the Daily Advertiser:

"One may live as a conqueror, a king, or a magistrate, but he must die as a man. The bed of death brings every man to his pure individuality; to the intense contemplation of that deepest of all relations, the relation between the creature and his creator. This relation the deceased always acknowledged. He revered the Scriptures of truth, he received from them this lesson, and submitted himself in all things to the will of Providence. His career on the earth was well sustained. To the last hour of his life, his faculties remained unimpaired, and the lamp went out at

the close undimmed, and without flickering or obscurity. His last words were heard by mortal ears, were a fervent supplication to his Maker to take him to himself."

The New Bedford Mercury contains the report on Swine, made to the Agricultural Society of Bristol County, at the late celebration. It is from the pen of J. H. W. Page, chairman of the committee, and is a document of much pith and humor. We give the close of the report:

"Follow one of them on his career. As he emerges from his mother's care, with the maternal injunction, 'root, hog, or die,' after brief but vigorous devotion to the sport and frolics of youth, how easy and graceful the transition to early hoghood.

As his days advance, how absorbing his devotion to his being's great end and aim—the taking of a fat! How his nasal qualities are developed! How thankful for the delicate attentions of his keeper in cleaning his skin with suds or buttermilk! how he grunts his gratitude for the gentle shampooing of his back!

As his time draws near, contrast him with the sportive, thoughtless, straw-tossing individual you saw him a few months ago. How contemplative and philosophic he grows. He appears to be both an Epicurean and a Stoic. One would judge that he had, from long contemplation, made up his mind to the attainment and dignity of a Caesar. But these appearances are deceptive. This point has puzzled our Committee not a little. There is either great pusillanimity or a deep unfeigned philosophy about the hog; and upon great deliberation your Committee are inclined to the latter opinion; but after all, they must leave it as a still mooted question, and recommend its careful consideration to the society. But the fact is, when the water and the tub and the knife are ready, the hog's philosophy seems to fail him. The poet says that

"Freedom shrieked as Koscusko fell."

But that was but the playing of the gentle breeze among the strings of the Italian harp, compared to the howl of the 400 pound and but now apparently Stoical porker, as he is hurried by two butchers at his ears and one at his tail to the place of sacrifice.

But let the veil be drawn over the scene, and view him as with snout toward earth and tail toward heaven, with all his inward beauties revealed, he hangs by the gambrel, changed from hog to pork!

PORK! How suggestive of savory sausages, of juicy steaks and juicy spare-ribs! How callest it up to the mind's eye the plump, round and delicious, the boiled, the fried, the roasted, the crisped, the caudle-fried or cabbage, and the crisp and brown baked, entrained amidst envious and admiring beams!

We should not venture on these tantalizing visions if this worshipping company were not just well fed; and even now, as it is out of place to let the imagination run riot on a serious business occasion like this, we beg pardon.

But to return to our fat and well dressed hog; who, with snout and tail, his anticipations of roast, and boiled, and broiled, and baked, and fried, with such a sight before him, the lordly Byron, this eye in fine frenzy rolling, should joyfully exclaim—

"'Tis France but living Ghoul no more."

But lest while we indulge our enthusiasm on *sauces* and *pigs*, you should think us great bores, we bring this report to a close."

"TAKE MY HAT."—An enthusiastic New Yorker lately made a visit to the Lakes, and after witnessing a storm on old Ontario found himself safe and sound on the brink of the mighty cataract. What he did there is thus related by the Rochester American:

"On the morning of our arrival, we proceeded to the American fall, not a word was said by our companion. We next went to the Horse-shoe fall, and after gazing for some minutes upon its untold sublimity, each seemed anxious to hear an expression of the first impressions of our hero. He stood like a statue, perfectly motionless. I saw the blood rushing to his head. His eyes and face assumed a most fearful expression. I started towards him, but a little alarmed, and was about to take his arm, when he suddenly raised his hand to his head, violently throwing it covering into the cataract, exclaiming 'there—take my hat!'"

WHALING CRUISE. A gentleman from New Bedford, assured us a few days since, that one ship belonging to that place had made four successive and successful cruises after whales within eight years, and had brought home upward of thirteen thousand barrels of oil. The crew consisted of thirty men, and during that period no spirits of any kind had been allowed on board as a beverage on any occasion, nor had any man died of disease, or been seriously sick, or met with any accident, except in one instance, when one of the men in a boat, after a whale had been struck, was dragged out of the boat by the light of the line catching around his leg, and hurried downward with great velocity. While in this awkward and somewhat novel predicament, he seized his knife and cut the line, but to his disappointment it proved to be fast fastened to the line which was attached to the boat! Finding himself still carried down by a force which he could not resist, he made another attempt, and fortunately succeeded in severing the line which tied him to the whale, when he ascended to the surface, puffing and blowing "very like a whale," and was soon rescued by his companions, without having experienced essential injury! [Bos. Jour.]

A CHARACTERISTIC TRAIT.—Prince Puckler Muskau, in one of his interesting books of travel, says, and says truly, that what contributes much to the dullness of English society, is the haughty aversion which Englishmen show to addressing an unknown person; if he should venture to address them, they receive it with the air of an insult. They sometimes laugh at themselves for this singular incivility; but no one makes the least attempt to act differently when an opportunity offers. There was a story that a lady saw a man fall into the water, and earnestly entreated the dandy who accompanied her, and who was a notoriously good swimmer, to save his life. Her friend raised his *lorgnette* with the phlegm indispensable to a man of fashion, looked earnestly at the drowning man, whose head rose for the last time, and calmly replied, "It's impossible, madam; I never was introduced to that gentleman."

"CORNWALLIS MUSTER" AT ROXBURY.—The Boston Star, of Saturday, says "the anniversary of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, was celebrated yesterday at Roxbury, and drew together an immense crowd of all descriptions and colors, anxious to witness a fac simile of the way in which our Revolutionary fathers taught the haughty Briton obedience to American valor, and bow in submission to its will, which was as immovable as the granite hills, being founded upon human rights."

We regret to state that in the excitement of the skirmish between the English and Americans, Capt. Joye, of the Massachusetts Guards, of Cambridge, who represented Gen. Washington, was accidentally shot by the discharge of a gun which was loaded with buckshot, the contents of which passed through the fleshy part of his cheeks and forehead, badly mutilating him, though not endangering his life. This catastrophe was rather a sad and lamentable occurrence, intended to be commemorated—for through a portion of Gen. Washington's dress was once perforated by a bullet, yet he was never wounded.

MUTTON.—Colman in his work of European Agriculture, speaking of English mutton, says:—"Mutton is always the prevailing meat in market, for it seems to be the favorite dish on English tables. It is a remarkable fact, that mutton is the prevalent dish at the public schools and colleges. At the Blue Coat School in London, for example, it is the sole meat for the eight hundred boys, four or five days out of seven. The same is the case, I am told, at Eton; and this, not as I supposed, from its comparative cheapness, but from experience, and the opinion of medical men, that it is the most wholesome diet, and least likely to interfere with intellectual application and health."

Maine Farmer.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, OCT. 30, 1845.

Probate Notices. Those of our friends who have Probate Notices to publish, and would like to have them appear in the Farmer, which circulates extensively in Kennebec County, have only to signify the wish to the Judge of Probate.

Job Work, of all kinds, and as neatly executed, and at fair rates, at the Farmer Office, as at any other establishment this side of the "City of Notions." Fancy jobs printed with all the different colored inks.

JOTTINGS BY THE WAY-SIDE.—No. 6. BY A STRAGGLING EDITOR. UTICA, SEP. 15, 1845.

Dear Pub. and P. D.'s:

On the third day of the Show, as soon as it was known what animals had taken the premiums, the prize animals were led out from the stanchions to the ground, and most of them labelled 1st, 2d or 3d, according to the quality which, in the judgment of the committee, they in fact were. This gave every one an opportunity to examine them, and to see the *élite* of the barnyard nobility in a select party together. But we are getting ahead of our story. We promised you an account of the oxen, horses, hogs and poultry. Well, then, as touching the oxen. There were some noble cattle on the ground. Ten yokes from Genesee, sent by Mr. Wadsworth, were first rate. They would put you in mind of the crack oxen raised in Fayette, in the west part of Kennebec. They were similar in size and form, and were probably grade Durhams. We saw none on the ground, and indeed none anywhere in our rambles, equal to the fat cattle owned by J. H. Underwood of Fayette. The cattle appeared to be well disciplined, but it would amuse you to see the arms with which a Western Yorker drives his team. It is made of a slender stick, six feet long, to which is attached a heavy whip-lash, some three or four feet long, which weapon it requires both hands to use, and you would think when you saw him coming, flourishing it about, he thought he had a drove of mad elephants to whip into a line, instead of a harmless yoke of oxen. We commend to them the light ox-goad of the "Up Easters," which Yankee ingenuity converts also into a wood rule, or walking stick, as occasion requires.

And now for the Horses. There was a very good display of them and of all sorts too, from the long, lank, bony, muscular Greyhound of a turf horse, to the more solid and compact rooster. There were two English Dray Horses, large and heavy, with back and loins as broad as the deck of a small "man-o'-war's-man," and legs that would make a rhinoceros "sing small" and blush for the delicacy of his limbs. If a man wanted to "move meeting houses" for a living, he had better get a span of them. Sampson, exhibited by Corning & Sotham, weighs 1700 lbs. We were much amused by the rivalry displayed by the two groups that had charge of these two mountains of horse flesh. Each considered his the best nag, and after bantering one another on the respective beauty, and size and strength, they got up a bet on their speed and actually left the ground together for the purpose of having a race. Who came out victorious we did not hear; but we are pretty certain that whichever of them did, it must have been, not because his horse was the *most swift*, but the other *most slow*.

We were somewhat disappointed in the exhibition of "Empire" hogs. New York has so long been the mart, the very *Eldorado* of hogdom, and the source from which for a few years past our farmers obtained their choice breeds, that we expected to see the *ne-plus-ultra* of hog-beauty, the very sight of which would not delight and satisfy a hungry man that he wouldn't need gravy again for a fortnight. Not so. The handsomest and best hogs on the ground hailed from the Old Bay State, and were a breed of the "Suffolk" and something else, exhibited by Stickney & Joy, of State street, Boston, tho' the hogs, we believe, have a *country-seat* some distance from the city. Most of those exhibited were crosses of the Berkshire breed; but Berkshires are no longer "lords of the ascendant." They may say with the English orator, "Oh how dangerous it is to be eminent," they have had their day—ruled in every style, and now, "none so poor as to do them reverence;" or as friend Howard more appropriately says—"none so poor as to do them justice," for they certainly have many good qualities which will again be appreciated when the pendulum of public opinion vibrates "back again."

The poultry department was represented by all the breeds of hens, turkeys, geese and pigeons, at present known, or *like to be known*, throughout the Union. The little but important Bantam—the stately Java—the Dorking—the Top-Knots, both white, black and mottled—the Malay and the Booby, with crosses and varieties too numerous to mention. Turkeys wild, and turkeys tame—geese from Africa, and geese from the "Zuider Zee"—ducks of every feather and hue—and to fill up the catalogue, an army of pigeons of every sort and kind—pouters, and ruffs, and tumblers, and fan-tails, and carriers, all "billing and cooing," and showing their beauty in the most approved style of the "turtle dovery."

In the afternoon an address was delivered by Josiah Quincy, Jr., of Boston, from a platform raised in the middle of the ground, to a "mighty host," who thronged around in a solid mass to listen to his easy, cheerful and unaffected eloquence. The object of the orator was to make the farmer proud of his calling, contented with his situation, and encouraged to "go ahead."

After the address the reports of the several committees were made, and the "Show was over."

Thus passed away three happy days—days of which New York, nay, the whole nation, have reason to be proud; for though there was no pageantry of arms—none of the glitter and splendor, none of the "pomp and circumstance of war," with which all gatherings of mankind used to be surrounded, there was that exhibited which proved the real and true strength of the people; and that indicated which will increase and render that strength, we hope, as enduring as time. It drew together the farmers and mechanics, and the friends of the farmers and mechanics, from the whole length and breadth of the United States, from Maine to Missouri—from the Atlantic borders to the great lakes of the West, and even from the Canada. They came together in "friendship, love and truth"—they formed acquaintances, they interchanged sentiments, and returned, we doubt not, happier and wiser. How much better are such meetings than the tilt and tournament of a former day—how much more profitable and cheering than the political mass gather-

ings of the present day. We would that all could have been there and enjoyed the scenes and the events as heartily as those who were present; and while they looked and admired, imbibed a new portion of love for the peaceful labor and sinless pursuits of the farmer and gardener.

It would have matured the judgment of the youth, it would have renewed the youth of the aged, it would have made all better, and aid such a union of skill and labor as to change in a few years the whole face of the country, and hasten the period when "Plenty would smile upon all our plains and satisfaction laugh in our villages."

Training Children.

Although we do not wish to appear "wise above our fellows" on this subject, yet we believe that a few practical hints may be useful, notwithstanding very few persons will admit that their own way of managing a family of children is not the best in the world. One single end should be kept in view in all our precepts to our children, whatever may be their condition in life, whether high or low, rich or poor,—and that is to prepare them for useful members of society. Let all instruction that is given them, whether in the school room, the domestic affairs of their own homes, or in the shop of the artisan, have this as its end, and salutary will be the effect upon their after lives.

This is a subject on which a volume might be profitably written, but it is our present object only to "take a peep into the nursery" to see whether there is not much evil originating from thence—to see whether mothers, when they are most unconscious of it, do not plant in the minds of their children the seeds of devastation and ruin.

Mrs. Pringle, who prides herself much on her skill and shrewdness in managing her half a dozen children, is perhaps a fit specimen of too many of the mothers in our country. As a sample of her course, we will suppose her children are playing at the door, and little Bobby, about four years old, runs against a post and hurts himself, and comes crying into the house to his mother. She tells him that the post is naughty to hurt her dear little boy, and that it shall be punished; that when his father comes home it shall be cut down, &c. &c.; but all this doesn't stop Bobby's crying. She tells him that if he will hold his tongue, she will give him a great lump of sugar. And as he seizes the sugar, she says, "Don't let the others know that I gave it to you—stay in the house until you have eaten it up, and if they ask you if you have had any thing, tell them no, for if they find out that you have had sugar, every one of them will be in after a lump."

Now what was the instruction conveyed to the mind of the boy? He was in the first place instructed to attribute the cause of his accident to a very wrong source, and to one which could not possibly have exercised any agency in it, instead of showing him that it was in consequence of his own carelessness. This renders him selfish and conceited, and closes his mind against any proper reflection and future caution in such cases, and learns him to attribute all his misfortunes through life to the misconduct of some one else, never once thinking that his own dear self can be in fault. In the second place, she hired him to do what was his duty to do, and what he ought to have been made to do without reward. This strengthened his propensity to evil, and engendered in his mind many bad inclinations. In the third place, she taught him to be deceitful, which is an evil so common among mankind, and of so glaring a nature, that great care should be taken to keep it from the infantile mind. And last, but not least, she instructed him to tell what was absolutely false, which is one of the worst propensities to which children can possibly be addicted. It is common with Mrs. P. to make promises to her children which she does not expect to perform—and thereby learning them to do the same.

If she is admonished that her course with her children will have an influence on their lives when they become men and women, she will tell you that they are so young that they will not remember what is told them now. But this is a sad mistake. The precepts that are early impressed upon the minds of children, grow with their growth and strengthen with their strength. They in fact become their very life, and are manifested in all their actions.

"Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

Now let us inquire how many mothers there be who are following the example of Mrs. P., and at the same time believing that they are pursuing a course that will result in the best good of their children. And when we inquire for the cause of this, we find it in the want of proper education of mothers. Those who have daughters who are becoming of marriageable age should look well to these things. Missionaries and ministers may preach, philanthropists may write, but on the young mothers of the present day depends the virtue and morality of the next generation.

Reminiscences of Rural Scenes.

It was a rainy day. The soft April showers fell gently, and with refreshing influence kissed the pale earth into greenness and vegetation. The slow pattering of the rain-drops seemed to touch a tender chord in the heart which vibrates but to fine issues. The general stillness too, invited to meditative thoughts: for fear of intruding upon which, even the shower seemed to sweep the earth with a more noiseless touch than it was wont; fowl and beast, grouped in covert to mute silence, enjoyed a short respite from their wayward wanderings, while man sought in the bosom of his own family, and by his own fireside, undisturbed, domestic felicity. I alone brooked the calm and sweet repose into which nature had fallen, in whose lap active life had sought a resting place. At such times I love to walk. Then, if there is a warm feeling in my heart, which the coldness of the world has not annihilated, it struggles into feeble action. I strayed some two or three miles to the margin of a small river, which had in former days been the scene of my childhood, boyish sports and pastimes. There the unpretending stream courses itself with the same quiet gurgling as of yore: the fields, just struggling into verdure, rose with the same gentle undulation as in olden times, and the sober rocks still lay in their respective places, silent monuments of the pleasing fact that I was in the land of my fathers; a land endeared to me by all the associations that then poured themselves upon my mind: even the stream seemed to purr with the same playful dash, and eddy in the same circlings as in childhood's days. I heeded not the rain, for it fell upon me with a gentle stealth, but turned from the landscape of by-gone days, to enjoy one more view of the object I had so often looked upon before in my

yambles—another look at the old mansion that had witnessed my infant prattlings, and whose walls had often resounded to the noisome glees of maturer years. I looked—and where I expected to greet the well known figure, presenting the same familiar outline, nothing but a shapeless mass of ruins lay scattered upon the site. I turned my steps thither, that I might better, with natural vividness, call up the departed realities of the scene. I stood upon its timbers, and my heart overflowed with spontaneous feelings. I had heard the quiet mansion was to be demolished to satisfy the improving spirit of the times, but every surrounding object remained so perfectly unchanged, that I was unavoidably disappointed at not beholding it as I had left it. I never shall forget, tho' I cannot describe, my feelings then and there. I communed with departed years. Then, thought I, the blessed home of infancy and childhood is forever passed away. No more will its walls wake the echo of joy and gladness. No more will its fire-side sparkle the reflected pleasure of its happy inmates. No more will its piteous board anticipate the returning wants of its grateful inhabitants. The fire-side, in which my aged grand-sire used to sit and tell me stories of '76, of jack-horse, wooden guns and painted swords, is now a straggling heap of broken brick. The old-fashioned kitchen, where, in many a long winter's evening, the hours had been sweetly beguiled by "blind-man's bluff," "peas, pea, faro plumb," and "catch the handkerchief"; the sleeping room, where young fancy had so often sweetened repose by its midnight sportings; the chambers, grey and sober with age, which had so often witnessed with venerable gravity the frolics of childhood's elastic feelings, now lay in scattered boards and disordered fragments about me. I yet stood upon its decaying timbers. The rain was making its advances upon me and I noticed it not. A sacred awe stole unwarily upon my mind, and I yielded the full tribute of my heart's warmest feelings to departed endearments. Years have rolled away, and in their dim vista that familiar scene still paints itself upon my imagination. In nightly visions of the past, my wakeful fancy replaces me again amid the happy scenes, and again I live over the days of childhood.

And now, when the pale outlines of two sainted spirits (a sister and grand-sire) flit before the path of my nightly meanderings, I always commune with them in that quiet, peaceful place—the mansion of my youthful days.

Clearing of the Kennebec to Augusta.—The Augusta Age says: We are happy to inform our friends that the enterprise of clearing the channel of our river is progressing in the most favorable and satisfactory manner. We are informed by those who have charge of the work, that a complete channel has been cut, and nearly perfected, through one of the principal shoals, (that at Gage's brook). In this process, more than 8000 tons of gravel have been removed. No obstruction has been encountered to retard the progress of excavation, and the work has progressed much more rapidly than was anticipated by the contractors or by our citizens.—We now have every reason to believe that before the close of navigation, next fall, we shall have a deep, smooth and straight channel to our water, which will admit the free passage of all that large class of steamers and sail vessels which have heretofore stopped below, for want of sufficient water to come to this place. In fact that the largest hopes of the friends of this enterprise will be fully realized, and the town amply remunerated for its liberal appropriation for this object.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Oct. 20. Ever since the arrival of the "Boston Flour Speculator" on Thursday, our market may be said to be without sales. Some has been the excitement that millers dare not name a price. One, however, brought his courage up to offer his at \$4.75, which was taken. Since then, no sales of consequence, and won't be until the news from the English steamer of the 4th reaches here, which will admit the free passage of all that large class of steamers and sail vessels which have heretofore stopped below, for want of sufficient water to come to this place. In fact that the largest hopes of the friends of this enterprise will be fully realized, and the town amply remunerated for its liberal appropriation for this object.

The Express train which left Albany Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock, with the news by the Great Britain, reached Rochester at 7 o'clock on Thursday morning. The speculators from Boston passed thro' the same city in the night, and were in consequence prevented from even making a demonstration upon the flour dealers at that place. The same express train arrived at Buffalo so close upon the heels of the speculators, that no purchases had been made.—Copies of the Extra Evening Journal were immediately sent on to Cleveland by a steamer which left Buffalo the same day. It appears, therefore, that the flour operators were "headed off" at all points on the main line westward. We learn, however, that a detachment branched off at Syracuse and succeeded in burning the fingers of our Oswego friends badly. About 11,000 barrels of flour were bought up at Oswego and Fulton.

FATAL ACCIDENT ON BOARD THE HIBERNIA. One of the firemen of the Hibernia fell down the aft hatchway of the steamer, on Monday night, a distance of twenty-two feet, fractured his skull, and died in consequence. The gratings of the hatch, which had been taken off for the discharge of cargo, had not been replaced, a fact of which he was in ignorance. He seated himself upon the edge, and altering his position for comfort, lost his balance and fell. Coroner Pratt held an inquest on his body yesterday, the flags of the steamer were hung at half-mast, and his funeral was attended to the burying ground at East Boston by the officers and crew of the steamer, ship, in procession. He was an exemplary young man, of about twenty-two years of age and was engaged to be married on his return to Liverpool.

[Courier.]

THE MORMONS. The Mormon difficulties have been closed, until next Spring at least, and they now propose to remove to some place west of the Rocky Mountains. Gen. Hardin, Mr. Douglas, member of Congress, the State Attorney, and Mr. W. B. Warren, the principal persons despatched by the Government to the scene of the trouble, have returned to the Anti-Mormons of Hancock and the adjacent counties, in which they say that five or six thousand Mormons, including the whole church organization, and prominent men, have pledged themselves by word and in writing, to remove from the state. The history of their church has shown that wherever the leaders go, the members follow, and this is a part of their religious duties. They advise the Anti-Mormons to preserve quiet and order, and warn them not to violate the law. Gen. Hardin will station a portion of his troops in the county, who will remain until disbanded by the Governor. The circular contains a correspondence between its writers and the Mormon Elders, in which the latter corroborate the above agreement, and invite all persons to assist them in the disposal of their property. They state that they do not intend to sow any wheat this fall—for their Temple and other public buildings they do not expect to find purchasers, but wish to rent them to any respectable community.

LONG ISLAND RAILROAD.—The express with the English mails came from Boston over the Long Island railroad, with the Hibernia's passengers, at two hours and twenty minutes running time—a rapid time for the distance. The night being clear, and signal lights being prepared in expectation of the express, the train had a clear track, and there was neither accident, obstruction, nor danger. The engine was the "Brooks," manufactured by Rogers, Ketchum & Grosvenor, of Paterson, N. J., whose fine establishment we have described in former numbers. The managers of the Long Island Railroad have predicted from the first that they would attain the speed of forty miles per hour—and they have done it.—[N. Y. Commercial.]

Our Army in Texas.

We are indebted to an officer of the U. S. forces in Texas, for an interesting letter describing matters and things in that region, some extracts of which we lay before our readers: [Boston Jour.]

Head Quarters of Army of Occupation, Corpus Christi, Texas, Sept. 29, 1845. We are now encamped upon the western shore of Corpus Christi Bay, a beautiful sheet of water, which receives from the northwest the waters of the river Nueces, and is formed by the Mustang Island, the south; and the main land and a peninsula called Mc Gowan's Bluffs on the west, north, and northeast; along which it opens into, and is connected by a narrow, crooked passage, called very properly the Mud Flats, with the Bay of Aransas.

The whole force now assembled here, composed of troops of all arms, and including a battalion of volunteer artillery from New Orleans, amounts to about 3,500 men; when all these we shall number for the Head Quarters, reach here, we now have over 4,000 regular troops; all in high order, health, and spirits, and ready for the most active and efficient service. Our camp, which is located upon a beautiful plain, formed by the hills of the table land receding from the mouth of the Nueces, and extending several miles long; and this display of military force is both grand and imposing; and will answer a better purpose, perhaps, than an actual invasion with a few troops of Mexico herself—though I am one among the few who think we have already invaded her; for in my opinion the Mexicans know nothing of the country this side the Aransas than what is to that west of the Rio del Norte. But our President, it is said, will not recede one inch from the latter river, as the proper western boundary of Texas; and if he wills it, we, of the sword, must obey. We shall see, when Congress meets, what is to be done in this matter.

With regard to a war with Mexico—poor, degraded, priest-ridden, and enslaved Mexico, in good old Massachusetts, could, alone and single handed, in fair and open conflict, meet and conquer the whole army of Mexico! But yet they boast, and bully, and threaten us with their "veteran legions of the north to exterminate and exterminate us," and "Uncle Sam," really in earnest, gets into a passion, and sends us, his children here, to meet and drive back the insolent foe; who all the time, are only jesting, and trying to play a game of political bluff.

The traders from the Mexican provinces of the valley of the Rio del Norte, are coming and going here every day; and the brisk and somewhat lucrative trade in horses and mules, at this place, still continues within pistol shot of our sentinels; and all these poor Mexicans, who are so miserable and abject, are, and are surprised to hear of the terrible war cry, and proclamations of their redoubtable Generals!

There will be neither war, nor invasion of Texas on the part of Mexico! All will be settled by negotiation, I opine; and we shall, eventually, in this way, and by the aid of a little money, get possession of Upper, if not Lower California; and, consequently, a good port for our wharves ships, &c., in the Pacific. I trust all this may be done fairly, and by purchase—else we had better let it alone; much as it is, admitted, we want it. As to conquering the country either in overrunning, or by slow degrees, it is a waste of money, and a waste of blood. I hope and trust we may be spared that necessity; for really, in my opinion, we should gain no national honors in such an unequal contest, and so far as the army is concerned, they would not be able to win any laurels in such a conflict, nor military reputation either in overrunning, or by slow degrees, it is a waste of money, and a waste of blood. 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Mysterious.—The Worcester Transcript relates the following singular occurrence:—"We learn from Mr. Stowell of this town, who was engaged during last week in moving a large house, to make room for an extensive block of stores, on the Dr. Shattuck place, at the corner of Sudbury and Court streets, in Boston, that on Friday, while digging for the foundation in a corner of the plot just above the surface of the ground, the workmen discovered a vault bricked up on each side with a sixteen inch wall, and a space within, five and a half feet high, and eighteen inches wide, the whole covered with bricks to the thickness of three feet, and so solid that when all but the last layer of bricks had been removed, several blows with a heavy crowbar were necessary to break into the cavity. The workmen were much excited, expecting to find a hidden treasure, when lo and behold, it contained human bones in a state of great preservation! Even the hair remained on the skull! When, by whom, or for what purpose, this vault was made and its contents enclosed, are questions involved in profound mystery."

The Magnetic Telegraph.—The large subscription already made to the stock of the projected line between this city and Boston, justifies the immediate prosecution of the work. The company intend to commence erecting the line at the end of the line on Monday next, and to complete it by the line to New Haven in twenty days thereafter. That a corresponding energy will be manifested at the other terminus is obvious from the spirited resolutions adopted at a meeting in Boston on Monday evening, of which we copy the proceedings. From New Haven to Boston the wires will be stretched over the railway tracks through Hartford, Springfield and Worcester. The whole line will probably be completed and in operation in sixty days. [N. Y. Jour. of Com.]

SAD CATASTROPHE.—The store-house of a Mr. Dennett, of Hollis, Me., was destroyed by fire on Sunday morning last, about five o'clock. Mr. D. lost all his farming tools, 75 bushels of corn, and also some grain—apples and other produce. The barn was saved with much exertion. The fire was set, as we learn by a brother of Mr. D., who is what is termed "foolish." He went out with a bundle of matches, when they took fire by some means—whether purposely or not is unknown—and they caught the shavings. He held on to them until they burned his hand, when he was obliged to drop them. It would seem therefore, as though it was not intentional. Having notified a neighbor of the fire, he ran into the woods out of the way. The loss is \$5 or \$600—with some insurance.—Eastern Argus.

ANOTHER OUTRAGE.—Another horrible outrage, similar to the one perpetrated upon Mrs. Burdick, has been committed on a Mrs. Vase, at the same place, viz. Greene in New York. This woman had been married about a year or two, and her husband was suspected in the case of Mrs. Burdick. She had been out near the creek for some purpose, and sat down on a log to rest near the mill-race, when two men came up behind her, blindfolded her, tied her hands, and then threw her into the pond. The woman was got out alive; and the perpetrators are a mystery, as she did not see them. She says there were two of them. A very great excitement exists in that neighborhood.—[Boston Journal.]

AN INDIAN STATE.—The Choctaws have elected one of their chiefs to a delegate to Congress. His name is Pichilyn. He is said to be a man of intellect and of commanding influence among his people.

The selection of a territorial representative by the Choctaws is regarded as a step towards the organization of an independent government among the Choctaws and the neighboring tribes, with a view to ultimate admission into the Union. The territory which Pichilyn will represent in Congress is said to contain about eight thousand Indians, and is one of the most fertile and fertile fragments of tribes, most of them having dwelt on this side of the Mississippi. The lands which they now hold are guaranteed to them by the government of the United States in consideration of the surrender by them of lands which they once occupied in the States.

The Albany Argus advocates the admission of this Indian State into the Union, with a full community of privileges. We presume the native American party will not object to this course. [Newburyport Herald.]

Horrible Accident.—Alexander Dugan, a native of Ireland, 45 years of age, was killed in the most terrible manner yesterday afternoon, at the marble works of Mr. Robert J. Brown, corner of Franklin and Greenwood streets. He was attaching the band to a drum attached to some portion of the engine, and was drawn into the machinery and literally torn to pieces. The most dreadful manner. The body was found in the chamber under the crank—the head severed from the body and laid open, arms and legs torn off, and the trunk torn open and bleeding.—[N. Y. Gazette.]

REVENUE OF THE UNITED STATES.—A correspondent of the Journal of Commerce, at Washington, states that the receipts from Customs for the fiscal year ending July 1, 1845, will exceed \$22,500,000; from Public Lands \$2,000,000; miscellaneous and incidental sources, \$163,908; making in all, over \$25,000,000. There was a balance in the Treasury July 1, 1844, of \$7,857,379.64, which added to the receipts, will make a total of over \$37,500,000.

The expenditures for the same time were about \$30,000,000, which leaves a balance in the Treasury of about \$7,500,000. In the items, the expenditures under the direction of the War Department were very large, being over \$15,000,000, more than one half of the whole expenses of the government.

DEATH OF GENERAL ARMISTEAD. A general order from the Headquarters of the Army, announcing the death of Brevet Brigadier General W. K. Armistead, Colonel of the U. S. 8th Regiment of Artillery. He died on the 13th at Apperly, Va. The order says of him:—"General Armistead entered the army, a second Lieutenant of Engineers, more than forty-two years ago, and in his long career was uniformly distinguished for correct military deportment and the highest moral excellence. He was a brave and gallant officer of the Corps of Engineers, whence he was transferred to the head of a marching regiment; and, as a general officer, had, for a campaign (1840-'21) the chief command in the war against the Florida Indians. His loss will be mourned by his surviving brothers in arms; but the benefit of his virtuous example will remain to the service."

Jacob Catton, convicted recently of the murder of a widow lady and her grand-son, near Salisbury, N. C., has confessed the crime, and implicated two others (Peyton Hasket and David Valentine) in the dreadful crime. They have both been arrested, and are now in prison, awaiting their trial.

PENNSYLVANIA INTEREST.—The Philadelphia United States Gazette expresses the fullest confidence in the ability of Pennsylvania to pay her Federal interest. It says, that many of the counties, most able and willing to pay their quota, are in reserve for this interest. The State Treasurer, on the 1st inst., had \$370,000 in available funds; and the opinion is expressed, that should the Federal interest, the Legislature, which will be in session a week before the 1st of February, will make provision for supplying it. It is said to be "A FIXED AND UNALTERABLE DETERMINATION of every individual in the community, that the interest shall be paid for the future."

A DEATH, INDEED. To-day, the mortal remains of Mrs. Hannah Gough (who died on Sunday, aged 109 years 11 months and 13 days), are to be interred. Mrs. Gough was in possession of her faculties until the last moment. She had seen and conversed with every President of the United States. When George Washington Park Curtis was here, she was sent for to go and see him, but was too feeble to accept the invitation. [N. Y. Exp.]

THE MORMONS.—The St. Louis Republican of the 14th inst., appears to anticipate serious troubles of the Mormon country, from the exasperated state of public feeling in that vicinity. We quote the conclusion of the article, as it tells some stories that we have not heretofore seen:—"It is reported to us, though not in such a shape as to justify us in asserting that it is entirely true, that Governor Ford has requested the Mormon leaders to send, immediately, to some other and distant point, all members of their church who do not hold real estate or have no visible means of support. In urging this, he is said to have told them that such is the feeling in other counties, that if a fresh outbreak occurs, it is questionable whether the power of the State can be so exerted as to protect them from being driven from their homes in the winter. If the Governor has given such advice, it is a prudent step, and the Mormons should profit by it. Reports of continued depredations on the property of the Anti-Mormons—the old settlers—continue to reach us from Hancock. We are informed, that during last week, a party of Mormons went into the northern part of the county, and entered a man's house and stripped of every thing they thought desirable—the owner and his family being absent at the time. Mr. Warren, one of Gen. Hardin's aids, arrested two men having possession of the stolen property, on their way into the woods, and brought them back to Warsaw, where, after undergoing an examination, they were committed to the jail at Carthage, to answer for the outrage. Considerable excitement has been created, especially in the northern part of the county, by the discovery of the murder of an old citizen and Anti-Mormon, of the name of Debonaire. The facts are stated to be, that Mr. Debonaire was returning from Carthage to Pontiac, on the Mississippi, about 12 miles above Nauvoo, where he resides. He was missed for several days, when a search was made to find him. After a search of several days, he was found on Wednesday last, to a place where the earth seemed to have been lately disturbed. It was in the bottom of a ditch of a prairie fence. Upon examination, the body was found buried a short distance below the surface. He had been shot by some one in the rear of him; the bullet having entered the back of the head, passing through the brain, and lodging under the skin of the forehead. The body was found about midway between Carthage and Pontiac, and from appearances, much force had been used to get it into the small hole in which it was buried. No clue had been found to the perpetrators of the offence. Other persons in the county are missing, nor has anything yet been elicited as to the fate of Mr. Wilcox. All these things, whether they be rightly chargeable to the Mormons or not, contribute to keep up, and spread wider and wider, the spirit of opposition to them, and may, with other exciting causes, lead to serious outbreaks. We have also a report, very imperfect in its details, that two travellers who left the vicinity of Warsaw, a few days ago, to cross the Mississippi at Madison, were missing, and were afterwards ascertained that they had been killed. But we place little confidence in this story."

DISEASE AMONG THE KAW INDIANS.—I arrived last night in company with Maj. Cummins, from the Kaw Indians. On our arrival we found them in a most deplorable situation, having lost in the last two weeks some 68 of their men and women; and as the Indians informed us, perhaps double that number of young—they did not pretend to count infants. The air was perfectly putrid, as they bury their dead on the top of the ground, lying a few days, and so loose stone on the top. Bathing seems to be the principal remedy, except some secret humbugger, that some pretending juggler resorts to, calling him a Big Medicine Nacondaga, such as blowing, burning, &c. The further informed us that their horses are all dying, having lost a great many. They are taken by swelling under the chest, which continues until they die; and they further say, that they find a great many deer dead on the prairies, also, which seem to die in the same way as their horses. They raised no corn of consequence, but they grow a few down last spring. Those who are well enough are all starting for the Buffalo. The object of the visit, was to pay them their last annuity.—[Corr. of the Western (Mo.) Expositor.]

NEWS FROM OREGON. Four or five persons have been killed, from Oregon. They brought with them many letters, which were deposited in the post-office at that place, and we shall soon be in possession of much later advice from Oregon. It is stated in the St. Joseph Gazette, on the authority of Mr. Robert Lurvey, who lately came down the river, that the company of Oregon emigrants, who some time since left their way, and were high up on the Missouri, were Mormons. They were left at Fort Vermilion, three hundred miles above the Bluffs; at one time, about two hundred lodges of Indians had assembled there, with the view to drive them off or to exterminate them, but the traders had obtained, after much persuasion, permission for them to remain until next spring, at which time they propose prosecuting their journey.—[St. Louis Republican, October 11.]

POTATOES.—A Nova Scotia paper says:—"The crop of potatoes is very great, except where planted too thickly. The partial failure of the crop in the United States, and the blight in a part of New Brunswick, will afford markets for what surplus our farmers will have. Large prices, however, should not be anticipated, as Prince Edward Island can supply any deficiency and prevent high prices."

A Prince Edward Island paper says:—"The disease amongst the potatoes in that Island, is not quite so serious as it was at first anticipated, and that a very good crop might yet be expected."

MALAGA.—A letter in the New York Herald, dated at Malaga, on September 20, says:—"There was a storm of rain on the 8th, which was feared had done much damage to the crop; but since the sailing of the barques Mudara and Douglas, and brig Isaac Franklin, Selin, and others, for your port and Boston, it is ascertained that very little harm has been done by the fall, and much more than last year. The Malaguenses are using every effort to support prices, but they are already declining, and rains will be obtained cheap in spite of all exertions to prevent any change that may be unfavorable to their purses."

THE FACTORY STRIKE AT PITTSBURGH.—The trouble still continues among the Pittsburgh operatives. The difficulty had not been arranged as late as Monday. A meeting upon the subject was held that day. The Pittsburgh Gazette, of Monday morning, says:—"On Sunday morning, handbills were discovered posted up on the streets and corners, calling upon striking operatives to assemble at the City Hall, at ten o'clock, to meet, on Monday morning, at half past six o'clock, at the Allegheny end of the Upper Bridge, and containing this significant sentence:—"In answer to His Honor the Mayor of Allegheny City's Proclamation, we say we will not be put down by the layabout, as they are in England.—Workingmen, demand your rights!" The intention of this meeting, at that early hour, is no doubt to prevent the hands from going to work this morning, in the Union Factory, which is in that neighborhood, and if they succeed in that, in the others also. We understand that the Mayor of Allegheny has taken measures to have a sufficient force to suppress any riot."

ELECTIONS. Ohio. The election for members of the Legislature, took place on Tuesday, 14th inst. The following is the result as far as heard from: Senate, Whigs 17, Democrats 15. House of Representatives, Whigs 37, Democrats 15. Georgia. The latest returns from ninety-two counties give the following aggregate: Crawford, 36,445; McAllister, Democrat, 34,723. Crawford's majority, 1,722. The Senate was contested by 23 Whigs and 25 Democrats. House, 69 Whigs and 60 Democrats. Whig majority on joint ballot, 6.

THE PARIS JOURNAL DES DEBATS announces the arrival at Bordeaux, of Mr. Washington Irving. He is said to be charged with a diplomatic mission to France by the Government of the United States. The Great Britain has been raised out of the water. Her bottom is said to be uninjured; but one of the beams of her propeller is broken short off at the hub, and another one, next to it, at about half-way.

AUGUSTA PRICE CURRENT.			
Corrected Weekly.			
Ashes, per 100 lbs.	7	8	
Pot.	100	125	
White,	100	135	
Peas,	525	575	
Flour,	525	575	
Grain,	54	70	
Corn,	30	35	
Wheat,	88	100	
Rye,	67	75	
Barley,	42	50	
Peas, field,	55	60	
Hay, (loose) 900	1200		
Seed,	6	8	
Clover,	100	100	
Flax seed	100	100	
H. grass,	175	200	
Red top,	87	75	
Plaster Paris,	6	00	
Per ton,	600		
Thomaston, new ins.	90		
Wool,	95		
Woolskin,	25	100	

Boston Flour and Grain Market, Oct. 25.			
Flour,—Genesee, common brands, close at \$5.50			
Do., fancy brands, 66. Fredericburg, new, \$5.75;			
Georgetown, new, \$5.75.			
Grain.—Corn has advanced, with a good demand and			
light rain. Sales of good Southern yellow dent, 71			
@ 73c.—the latter price; white 68c. Southern oats, 42c.			
@ 44c. @ bushel, cash.			
WOOL.			
American Full blood	86	83	
Do., 2nd quality	81	80	
Do., 3rd quality	78	77	
Prime Saxony Fleeces, washed, @ lb.	88	41	
Saxony, washed	20	22	
Do., unwashed	10	14	
Buenos Ayres	10	10	
Pulled wool, Northern superfine Lambs	33	33	
No. 1, Lambs	30	32	
No. 2	22	23	
No. 3	14	17	

Brighton Market, Oct. 20.
At Market 2150 Beef Cattle, 1200 Steers, 3500 Sheep and 2150 Swine.
Priced Cattle.—The prices of last week were fully sustained. We quote extra \$4.75; first quality \$4.50; second \$4.40; third \$3.25 @ \$3.75.
Swine.—Two year old \$8 @ \$15; three year old \$15 @ \$24.
Sheep.—Sales of small lots \$1.17 to 1.83.
Swine.—Shoats to peddle, 3 and 4c for Sows, and 4 and 4c for Barrows; old Hogs \$4 and 4c. At retail from \$3 to 4c.

THE highest medical authorities of the age have decided in favor of Buchan's Hungarian Balm, as a remedy for Consumption.
From the London Morning Herald.—Sir James Clark, Bart., Physician in Ordinary to the Queen, in his late Treatise on Consumption and Scrofulous Diseases, has borne unequivocal testimony to the salutary influence of Dr. Buchan's Hungarian Balm of Life, in cases of extensive tuberculous disease of the Lungs. Dr. Buchan has shown us certificates from the following eminent authorities, in strong recommendation of his famous remedy: Dr. Lacombe, Physician Accoucheur to her Majesty the Queen; Dr. Bright, Physician Extraordinary to Her Majesty; Sir Benj. C. Brodie, Bart., Surgeon to her Majesty; and Sir James Esq., M. D.
Famously trying this Great English Remedy may be had gratis of G. E. LADD, and S. S. BUCKS, only agents in Augusta.

MAINE WESLEYAN SEMINARY.—The Examination will be on Friday, the 7th of November. The friends of the school are invited to attend.
HAYES, Secretary.
Kent's Hill, Oct. 27th, 1845.

Hymenael.
Till Hymen brought his love-lighted hour,
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rose tower!
The world was sad!—the garden was a wild;
And man, the hermit, sigh'd—'tis woman smil'd!

In this town, on Sunday morning last, by Rev. N. W. Williams, Noah W. Cross, of Gardiner, to Miss Emeline Chase, of Augusta.
In this town, on Saturday evening last, by J. L. Varney, Esq., Hiram Kimball to Miss Louisa Cook, of Gardiner.
In this town, on Thursday, the 15th inst., by Rev. W. Williams, Wm. N. Soule, of Boston, to Miss Mary E. Norcross.
In Rockport, Mass., on the 19th inst., E. Blatchford, of this town, to Eliza T., daughter of the late Capt. George Lane.
In Winslow, 14th inst., by Rev. C. Gardiner, William Matthews, Esq., Editor of the Gardiner Blade, to Miss Elizabeth, daughter of Amasa Dingley, Esq., of the former place.
In Belgrade on the 19th inst., by Thomas Eldred, Esq., Mr. William Branch of Waterville, to Miss Emeline Rowe, of Waterville.
In Litchfield, by the Rev. Mr. Grant, Mr. Emanuel D. Fraters to Miss Ann Maria Hutchce, both of West Gardiner.
In Hallowell, Mr. Noah Green to Miss Sarah Jane Rowe, both of Litchfield.
In Hallowell, Mr. Theodore Faught, of Sidney, to Miss Sarah Glitten, of Vassalboro'.
In Saco, Mr. Anson B. Cobb, of Biddeford, to Miss Lydia T. Sisson, of Saco.
In Bangor, Mr. Daniel R. Bone to Miss Rebecca McPheters; also Mr. Samuel Smith to Miss Elizabeth McPheters.

Obituary.
Spirit! thy labor is o'er,
Thy term of probation run,
Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden shore,
And the race of immortals begun.

In New Sharon, 22d September, Nathaniel Tibbets, a Revolutionary Soldier, aged 93; he was the third settler in Maine.
In Sidney, on Monday night, Jacob Gifford, aged about 25. He fell from the yard of a river boat, while furling the sail, and was drowned. It was quite dark, and as nothing was heard of him after he fell, he probably was drowned by the fall, and sank immediately.
In Monmouth, on Wednesday last week, Bezer L. Storor. He drowned himself in a pond near which he lived. He had been married but six weeks before, and his wife had left him, we are told, in consequence of a dispute about the disposition of her property.
At St. Helena, Sept. 1, Mrs. Sarah B. Judson, wife of Dr. Judson, on her way from Port Louis, Mauritius, to Boston. Dr. Judson has arrived at Boston with three children. He has been a missionary in Burmah.

In Greene, 13th inst., at the residence of his father, Nathaniel L. Sawyer. Mr. S. was a graduate of Bowdoin, and he left College with distinguished academic honors.
In Middleborough, Mass., Henry Homes, Esq., senior partner of the late firm of Homes, Homer & Co., in Boston, aged 69.
In Wiscasset, Mrs. Temple Lee, widow of the late Judge Lee.
In Ossipee, N. H., Oct. 15th, Mr. John Welch, aged 76.
In Gardiner, Orinda S., daughter of Joseph Johnson, aged 14.
In Gardiner, George E., only child of Edward Norton, aged 4 years.
In Hallowell, William Partridge, aged 16 years and 5 months.

AUGUSTA MARINELIST.
ARRIVED.
Oct. 22, schr. Rochester, Davis, Boston.
Edward Kent, Brett, do.
26, sloop, Sumner, Perry, do.
Mary, Snowdon, do.
Delaware, Gill, Philadelphia.
Madison, Stevens, Georgetown.
Louis, Sadler, do.
Jane, Sadler, do.
37, clip, Evans, Salem.
28, clip, Eleanor, Besse, Wareham.
Oct. 24, schr. Alexandria, Randall, Boston.
Triumph, Safford, do.
28, Otter, Dunkins, Thomaston.

Shawls and Dress Goods.
JUST RECEIVED and now opening, a complete assortment of Shawls and Dress Goods. Ladies in pursuit of the articles will save fifty per cent. by calling on
No. 2, Bridge's Block, Water Street.

Ladies' Neck Ties.
A BEAUTIFUL article of superior quality, for sale low by
LANCNEY & SHATTUCK.



Stewart's Patent Summer and Winter.
PERSONS who are in want of a first rate Cooking Stove, will do well to call at No. 9, Arch Row, 1st door North of the Augusta Bank, and examine the above named Stoves, which for neatness, durability, and convenience, are not surpassed by any other kind of Cooking Stove. Just read, if you please, what those persons say who have used them.

Augusta, Aug. 22, 1844.
Mr. HOLCOMB.—You request my opinion respecting Stewart's Patent Cooking Stove. I have used one of them for a considerable time, and for many years have tried other Stoves—some of which were considered the best that could be obtained. But I feel no hesitation in recommending this Stove as being the best I have ever used or seen, either as it respects economy of fuel, amount of work it is capable of performing, and the ease with which the work is done. The quantity of fuel necessary for its various operations of boiling, baking, roasting and warming, is more than fifty per cent. less than that required by any other Stove that I have tried. Persons have only to use them a short time and become acquainted with their operation, to give them a decided preference over any other kind of Cooking Stove whatever. The Stove is neat, well put together, being made of the very best materials, is not liable, when properly used, to get out of repair, like other Stoves. E. FENNO.
We, the undersigned, do most cordially concur in the opinions above expressed, after having Stewart's Stove a fair trial.

D. C. Stanwood, Augusta, C. Briggs, Augusta.
E. Smith, " Luther Severance, "
Daniel Pike, " John Myrick, "
W. Wendenburg, " John H. Evelyn, "
J. P. Dillingham, " David Folson, "
David Bronson, " William White, Vassalboro', "
J. H. Clapp, " Wm. Webber, "
William Baker, " Benj. W. Goddard, "
Henry Johnson, " William Weeks, "
D. T. Pike, " J. E. Wingo, "
Lewis D. Moore, " F. Wyman, "
Samuel L. Harris, " J. Newell, "
J. F. Child, " M. Bailey, "
R. T. Bosworth, " G. A. Longfellow, "
Francis Davis, " Asa W. Ward, "
D. H. Bailey, " George Ellis, "
John Hunt, " John Hunt, "
G. S. Carpenter, " Alexander Hatch, "
Asaph R. Nichols, " Corydon Chadwick, "
Samuel Snow, " Enosh Marshall, "
William Brewster, " John H. Gram, "
Lemuel Jenkins, " Lemuel Jenkins, "
Jonathan Hedge, " Orrin Haskell, "
Albert Lawson, " John Randall, "
H. H. Hill, " Freedom.

Persons who may wish to purchase these Stoves, are assured that if they do not accept the recommendations in every particular, after giving them a fair trial, they will be taken in exchange for any other kind that we may have on hand.
JONAS G. HOLCOMB & CO.
Augusta, October 25, 1845.

Plaid Cloak Goods.
A LARGE variety, of quality and style, for sale low by
LANCNEY & SHATTUCK.

Cony Female Academy.
THE WINTER TERM of the Cony Female Academy will commence on Monday, November 17, 9 o'clock, A. M., in the large and commodious building formerly occupied as the Bethel Church. All who intend to join the school are requested to be present punctually. In addition to the English branches, instruction will be given in the Greek, Latin and French languages. The school will be under the care of Mr. NEWTON EDWARDS. Connected with the Academy is a Boarding House, with accommodations for twenty or thirty pupils, where board may be obtained at a cost of about \$1.50 per week. One half the tuition of those who are from out of town is paid by the Trustees.
Augusta, October, 1845.

"A few more left!"
Of that unrivaled Sash, the Magical Pain Extractor.
Price only a quarter of a dollar.
43 DILLINGHAM & BICKNELL.

Cheaper than ever!
A FRESH supply of Paints and Oils at reduced prices, at
DILLINGHAM & BICKNELL'S,
43 No. 3, Market Square.

NEW BOAT.
Kennebec and Boston Steam Navigation, 1845.

The new, safe, and commodious Steamer
KENNEBEC,
Capt. NATHANIEL KIMBALL, *
WILL, until further notice, run between Hallowell and Boston. Leaving Hallowell, every MONDAY and THURSDAY afternoon, at half past 2, Gardiner at 3, and Bath at 6 o'clock P. M.
Returning, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, at 7 o'clock P. M.
FARE \$1.00.—Meals Extra.
The Kennebec will pass expressly for the route between Kennebec and Boston, of the best materials and workmanship.
The proprietors of the Kennebec think they hazard nothing in saying she is the best Boat ever on the Eastern waters, either for safety or accommodation.
She is entirely new, having run but a few trips before she was brought on to her present route. She is ready to receive passengers to almost any town desired.
HOWARD & PAGE, Agents, Hallowell.
GEORGE STONE, * Agents, Gardiner.
J. D. GARDINER, *
Hallowell, June 23, 1845.

People's Line—1845.
Kennebec and Boston Steam Pack-
et Company,
Steamer JOHN MARSHALL,
ANDREW BROWN, MASTER.

Ordinary efforts to present it, this Company are purchasing the fast sailing, coppered and copper fastened Steamer John Marshall, a first rate boat built at Baltimore, of the best materials; and "as strong as wood, iron and copper could make her." She is entirely new, having run but a few trips before she was brought on to her present route. Not having her machinery placed on her guards on deck, she is remarkably swift and upright in all her movements, and in point of speed not exceeded by any boat in the United States. She was designed for a sea route, and the trial of her proves her peculiarly fitted for such a route—by-and-by. Of Capt. Andrew Brown, her gentlemanly and experienced Commander, and Capt. Charles H. Beck, her Pilot, nothing need be said in way of commendation, both of them have been favorite Packet Masters between Kennebec and Boston for many years, and know the coast and river with the familiarity of an old acquaintance.
The John Marshall will leave Hallowell every Monday and Thursday at half past 2, Gardiner at 3 and Bath at 6 o'clock P. M.
Returning, will leave Long Wharf, Boston, for Bath, Richmond, Gardiner and Hallowell, on Tuesdays and Fridays, at 7 o'clock P. M. Stages will be in readiness on her arrival to take passengers to Augusta, and into all the surrounding towns and to Bangor, and twice a week to Quebec.
The Company will not hold themselves responsible for money, in packages or otherwise, sent by any officer of the Boat.
At the New Line was got up for the benefit of the people. It is hoped the people will give it a fair share of patronage.
April 29, 1845.

Sperm Oil.
500 GALLONS Bleached and Unbleached, Fat and Winter Strained, at
DILLINGHAM & BICKNELL'S.

FRESH HARDWARE.
Geo. L. & Chas. W. Homer & Co.,
Successors to Homes, Homer & Co.,
No. 84 and 85, UNION STREET, BOSTON.
HAVING received by the ships Asia, William Goddard, Constantine, Ed. Whitney, and Mary Ann, from Liverpool, their Fall Importations of
CUTLERY & HARDWARE GOODS.
They have also received a general assortment of GERMAN and DOMESTIC HARDWARE, which they offer to the country trade on good terms for cash or credit.
September, 1845. 122m—37

New Arrival of Hard Ware.
At No. 4, PHOENIX BUILDINGS.
H. W. FAIRBANKS is now receiving his Fall Importations of Birmingham SHEARS, and also a large assortment of
Hardware and Saddle Goods.
Such as Files and Raps, Chisels and Gouges, Plane Irons, Braces and Bits, "Groves & Son's" hand and back Saws, TABLE and POCKET CUTLERY, direct from the manufacturers, also plated, brass, japanned and tinued
SADDLERY GOODS,
Such as terrets, pad hooks, buckles of various patterns, pad-saddles, halter rings, ornaments, &c. &c. 100 pair brass Harness, 200 pair of Saddle Pads, 100 pair of 200 lbs. "Walkers" No. 10, Shoe Thread, &c.; 2 tons "Wm. Greaves & Son's" SPRING STEEL, suitable for Electric Springs, 11, 11, and 2 inch. The above goods can and will be sold at Boston Prices for cash or short credit. Country Merchants may rely upon the above statement and are invited to call.
Augusta, Sept. 9, 1845. 37

Doors, Blinds and Sash.
THE subscriber having recently bought out his Partnership with J. Caldwell, respectfully informs the public that he continues to Manufacture to order, and also to keep on hand, SASH, BLINDS AND DOORS, of the best quality, and at fair prices, at the East end of the Kennebec Dam.
E. K. ROBINSON.
Augusta, Sept. 12, 1845. 43

Temperance! Temperance!!
WHERE are all the teetotalers, and other temperance folks, who have so long and so loudly been calling for a thorough going Temperance House in Augusta, and have so long complained so much and mourned so deeply, because they were under the necessity, for want of such a house, of stopping at rum taverns? Do they not know that the Gage House is in all respects, just such an one as they want? It has been fitted up at great expense, for a public house, and has excellent accommodations, and is a most delightful situation. It is now kept by Mr. CHAS. FREEMAN, a distinguished member of the Sons of Temperance, a very attentive and obliging Landlord, who has incurred great and enormous liabilities in order to accommodate the public in this respect. Let them see to it, that he is well sustained.
Augusta, Oct. 3, 1845. 41

NEW FALL GOODS.
CALDWELL & CO., No. 1, Merchants' Row.
HAVE just received, per Steamers Kennebec and John Marshall, a large assortment of Seasonable Goods, at the lowest prices for cash—among which may be found
DRESS GOODS.
Cashmere deCorse; Rep. Cashmere; Melin deLaine; Plaid Alpaca; cotton and silk warp Alpaca; Coburg, India and Thibet Cloth; Victoria Alpaca, &c. &c.
PRINTS &c.
New and rich styles Prints, from 6-14 cents to 25; Paisley, a beautiful article for 6-14 cents; Scotch Ginghams, new styles.
SHEETINGS, DRILLINGS, &c.
15 Bales Brown Sheetings, a heavy article, yd wide for 6-14 cents; Amosack, Power Loom Stout, Kennebec, Merrimack, Bellingham, Waltham improved, Bartlett, Claremont, Albion, Stark Mills, do.; Drillings; Tickings, extra heavy, for 12-14 cents.
FLANNELS.
All qualities white Flannel, extra extra extra 11-14 yds. wide; Domestic Flannels; bleached and unbleached Cotton Flannel; 6-14 Sailsbury Flannel; plain and twilled red do.; yellow do.; domestic do.
HOSIERY GOODS &c.
Raw silk, black and cold worsted, black, slate and white cotton Hose; children's cotton and woolen Hose; Victoria and cotton 1-2 Hose; Gents black, white and cold kid Gloves; white and black silk do.; Ladies' white, black, dark and light kid Gloves; silk do.; Lisle thread and cashmere do.; Gents' heavy black Gloves; Ladies' Cravats; Gents' do.; Suspenders; Stocks; Dickies; Handkerchiefs; Undershirts, &c. &c.
BROADCLOTHS, CASSIMERES, &c.
French, German, English and American Cloth; black, blue and dark Dressing; stripe and check do.; Cassimeres of all colors, styles and prices, a good heavy article for 50 cents; Tweeds of superior quality; Sattinets; Vestings of the late importations and very handsome styles; Trimmings of the very best quality.

SUNDRIES.
Battings; cotton yarn; knitting cotton; cotton and linen threads; spool cotton; pins; hooks and eyes; Whalebone; ribbons; combs; crabs; diapers; alibias; cambrics; muslins; laces; linens; buttons; cords and tassels; curtain cords and tassels; tapestries; pelouses; velvet ribbons; shawls; serges; plaid linens; cigar cases; table covers, &c. &c.
The above Goods are of the latest importations, and bought at the lowest cash price. Purchasers may rely upon our selling accordingly. Please call and examine at
No. 1, Merchants' Row.
Augusta, September 10, 1845. 37

Furniture and Crockery Store.
At No. 3, Bridge's Block, Water Street.
J. D. PIERCE has just received a splendid assortment of EARthen, CHINA, and GLASS WARE; among which may be found Dutch Imperial Sops, Glass and Bone Printed Dinner Tea and Toilet Sets, Coffee, Bowls, Pitchers, Mugs, &c., of superior quality. Flowing Blue Dinner Tea, Mugs and Toilet Sets, Bowls, Mugs and Pitchers, new and beautiful patterns, and a choice selection of Rich French and English China Tea Sets; Cut and Pressed Glass Ware, such as Lamps, Tumblers, Lemonades, Salts, Sugars, Creams, Pitchers, Candlesticks, Castors, &c. &c

The Muse.

Death of an Only Child.

BY D. C. COLESWORTHY.

Light footsteps at the door I hear—
I raise the latch and look;
My bright-eyed boy—thou art not there;
Returning with his book,
Another child, less fair than thou,
Smiles as he passes by me now.

Falls on my ear a gentle tone,
As through the crowd I press—
The not yet voice, dear cherished one,
Like thine would it be less—
And then this heart, so big with grief,
Would not in tears find such relief.

A gentle hand hath pressed my cheek,
While in my study-chair;
I seemed to hear thee sweetly speak,
"My father—I am here."
When, lo! I saw another child,
Who only mocked me as he smiled.

When dimly heard the chamber-light,
I kneel beside thy bed;
I seem to hear thy sweet "good night,"
But tears profusely shed;
While on that couch I look, where lay
So lately he, now passed away.

And in the morning when I rise,
I hasten to thy room—
But oh! the truth it drowns my eyes—
"Your idol cannot come!"
And then the agony I feel,
No soothing words of love can heal.

Where'er I see a happy boy,
Sadly I speak of thee;
Saidly I love—a father's joy—
All that a child could be;
Now sleeping 'neath the valley's clod—
How could it be—my God—my God!

Home and Friends.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Oh, there's a power to make each hour
As sweet as heaven designed it;
Not need we roam to bring it home,
Though few there be that find it;
We seek too high for things close by,
And lose what nature found us.

For life hath here its richest store,
As Home and Friends around us;
We oft destroy the present joy,
For future hopes—and praise them;
What flowers as sweet bloom on our feet,
If we'd but stoop to raise them!

For things of life are sweeter here,
When youth's bright spell hath bound us;
But soon we're taught that earth has naught
Like Home and Friends around us!

The friends that speed in time of need,
When Hope's last reed is shaken,
To show us still, that come what will,
And face not quite forsaken;
Though all were bright if but the light
From Friendship's altar crown'd us!

'Tis worth the bliss of earth was this—
Our Home and Friends around us!

The Story Teller.

THE CLAY COVE MECHANIC.

BY D. C. COLESWORTHY.

Let others sing of lips and eyes,
As more than half divine—
The virtues of the heart I prize—
And these, I know, are thine.

"Do you think I would have anything to say to young Clinton? He must know I do not wish to see him, and yet he persists in calling at the house."

"But Charles is a fine young man. He has an excellent disposition. You have noticed his kind feelings and generous character. And there are no bad traits about him. Why, I am surprised to hear you talk so."

"Charles is well enough in his way, but you know his father and mother—they still live in that wretched old shell in Clay Cove, and haven't decent furniture. I should be ashamed to call there."

"I know his parents are very poor, and that his father has been a drinking man. But he has joined the temperance society, and I understand he provides better for his family, and is striving to obtain a good living."

"That may be true, but I can never forget old Clinton, even though he has reformed.—He has always belonged to the lower classes."

"But I'm sure Charles behaves like a gentleman. If his parents are poor and wretched, he should not be treated unkindly, provided he behaves well and sustains a good character."

"True—but he has got nothing—is only a mechanic, and will always have to work for a living."

"Only a mechanic, you say? But what was your father and my father?"

"But they worked only a little themselves and employed others. Now they are independent. No matter what our fathers were.—Time has changed. I shall have nothing further to say to Clinton. If he calls at the house, I shall contrive to be busy up stairs.—You may see him and talk with him as much as you like—but I won't."

"You talk foolishly—especially as Charles is as likely a young man as we have in our neighborhood."

"Every one to her liking," said the girl as she left the room.

Charles and Mary Edwards were cousins, and about the same age. The former had been brought up with false notions. Her standard of respectability was a fine exterior, graceful manners and a heavy purse. She had often declared in the presence of her cousin that she would never associate with a mechanic, more especially if he sprang from a poor family.—But Mary had different views. She respected all men, whether dressed in broadcloth or homespun, and was as particular in her attentions to the day laborer of good character, as to the individual who prided himself on his birth, wealth and education.

Charles Clinton was the son of a poor sail-maker. His father had been in low circumstances for many years, brought on by his intemperate habits, and he could barely earn sufficient to keep his family together. His mother was a prudent and industrious woman, and it was mainly owing to her exertions that they had kept together for so long a time. At an early age Charles left school, and went to learn the trade of a printer. He was industrious and obliging, and gained the respect not only of his master, but his fellow apprentices. Instead of spending his evenings on his few leisure hours, in the day, among the vicious and profane, or in walking the streets in idleness, he would obtain some useful work and pursue it. He would frequently carry home the newspapers of the day, when he had nothing else to read, and thus endeavor to improve his mind. In this way he became intelligent—how could he otherwise?—and won the good will of all who knew him. At times he would take a sheet of paper, and sit in the little room with his mother, endeavoring to place his thoughts upon paper. Charles was never idle; he was either at work with his hands or with his mind.

When Clinton became of age, he was employed by his master and received good wages for services. At this time Charles was acquainted with but few females; among these, however, was Clara Edwards, at whose residence he visited, he being more particularly acquainted by her father. He was cordially received by the family, but Clara endeavored to manifest her dislike to him in various ways. He held to no views which she did not oppose, and would converse with him on no subject.—Once he invited her to accompany him to a pleasant retreat, but she refused, by saying she was engaged; but remained at home all day.

One evening he found most of the family had gone and she was alone. He endeavored to interest her by introducing various topics of conversation, but she manifested no interest in his remarks and he remained but a short time. This was before her cousin had arrived from the country. When she came he found one who was willing to converse—who behaved like a lady to all who visited the house.

Mary Edwards had been at her cousin's about a week, when the conversation at the commencement of our story took place. A day or two after, Charles called at the house, but the moment Clara saw him enter the door, she left the room. Mary accepted a polite invitation to accompany him to a concert, and in a few moments she was ready. They passed an agreeable evening. She had no sooner returned to the house than her cousin exclaimed—

"What a fool to be seen with Clinton! I should be ashamed of myself. No one who thinks any thing of herself will go with him. I don't believe our kitchen girl would have gone with him."

"To speak as I think, Clara, Charles is a gentleman, and I esteem it an honor that he should invite me."

"O, luddy—I shall faint," exclaimed Clara. "You are a strange girl. Since I have been in Portland this last time, I have seen no young man with whose appearance I am so favorably impressed as with Clinton's."

"Then, really you are in love with the mechanic—the son of a Clay Cove sail-maker."

"In love with his appearance, I am."

"And you may marry him in welcome. O dear, what strange things will take place," said Clara with a contemptuous smile.

"Marry him! I am not worthy of so fine a gentleman. He is my superior in every respect. If I should be so fortunate as to obtain such a man for a husband I should esteem myself the most fortunate of girls."

"Distressing!—no decent girl would have the fellow. You would marry him—hey?"

"Perhaps I would if I could get him."

"Well, really, I can't help laughing—a genuine love scrape. I will give up. It will be a beautiful place, I must confess, to live—that hovel, sitting in the mud, and to have so beautiful a father-in-law! Well, I declare, it will be fine."

"You contemplate too much for me, cousin. I do not expect to have Charles; he looks higher than a country girl. But if he should marry, he will not probably take his wife to live at such a place as you describe; although I don't know where Clay Cove is."

"At this moment Clara's parents entered the room."

"Have you heard the news, father?" enquired the proud girl.

"No, child, I have heard nothing. What interests you so much?"

"You'll laugh well, when I tell you. It is no less than this: Mary has got a beau."

"Indeed! who may he be?"

"Who should you guess?"

"I am sure I cannot tell," said the father.

"It is not so," replied Mary. "I have been to the concert to-night with young Clinton, and Clara is making all manner of sport about it."

"Well, Clinton is a fine fellow, and you could not get a better sweetheart."

"What! Charles Clinton?" inquired the mother.

"Yes."

"Why, he is only a mechanic. We have known his father for years, and he is a miserable sort. They live very meanly. No respectable people ever call upon them."

"You know, wife, a great change has been wrought in the character of the old gentleman since he joined the temperance society. Now he is industrious and does the best he can to obtain a living. His wife I have always heard, is a prudent, active and industrious woman, and keeps her house as tidy as she possibly can."

"But they are not genteel and never will be."

"That should be no disparagement to the son. Charles has ever behaved like a gentleman, and there is no young man of my acquaintance that I would sooner Clara would marry."

"Father, you are joking," said the daughter.

"It is the most absurd idea I ever heard you advance."

"My child, there is *work* in that young man. He has talents that will yet shine in the world. Mark what I tell you, for I know him well."

"I would rather be an old maid all my days," said Clara, "than have such a fellow—the son of a miserable drunkard."

"Clara, you must not talk so. Mr. Clinton has reformed, and I understand is doing well."

"But no one will forget what he once was," said the mother, "and for my part I think Clara is right in her views. I should feel dreadfully to know she was waited upon by such a young man as Charles. And I know Mary's father would feel highly indignant if he knew who his daughter had been with this evening."

"No—no, aunt," said Mary, "my father has always taught me to respect and love all who are kind and virtuous, without regard to their situation in life. But he has always cautioned me to beware of those who show a fair exterior, but are corrupt within."

"Mary is determined to have her way," said Clara, "and she will probably dream of Charles to-night."

But little more was said, and the family retired.

The next day Clara would often inquire about "the Clay Cove mechanic," and throw out insinuations upon her cousin for her consenting to go with him.—But Mary heeded her not, simply remarking, "The sequel will tell who is right and who is wrong in her views."

Mary Edwards continued her visit several weeks with her cousin, and during that time Charles called often to see her, but as usual was treated with neglect and contempt by Clara. He pretended not to notice her coolness and indifference, and never lifted a word to her discredit to her cousin. Before Mary left, it was well understood between her and Charles, that she was to be his future wife. The day for her departure arrived, and bidding her

friends good-bye, she took the stage and was on her way home to Lewiston.

Her cousin had not been gone many weeks before a young man by the name of Henry Watson commenced his visits to the home of Clara. He had made her acquaintance at a ball room, and was just such a character as suited the foolish girl. His father was a man of wealth, who resided in a large house, and who had bro't his son up in folly and idleness.

Instead of putting him in a counting room or a mechanic's shop, he suffered him to walk about in idleness until he was eighteen or twenty years of age; and then he was too old to learn a trade. He was furnished with pocket money and dressed extravagantly, associating mostly with those who had no regular business.

In the course of a few years both Mary and Clara were married. One to the industrious mechanic—the other to the fashionable fop. As the tastes of the two girls were so different, they seldom saw each other. Clinton took a small house and commenced life as he thought he was able to go through. But Watson hired a large house and had it elegantly furnished.

Ten or fifteen years have passed away since the cousins were married. As you pass up one of our most pleasant streets, you will notice a beautiful white house, with healthy trees before it. Every thing is neat and commodious about the dwelling. It is the residence of Charles Clinton. He owes not a dollar to anybody. Besides his independent circumstances, he is honored and respected by all who know him, and has frequently been promoted to offices of trust. By his industry and energy the mechanic has risen to his present respectable standing in society.

Pass down to Clay Cove. Do you see the small black house, once the residence of Charles Clinton, when his father was nothing but a sail-maker and an inebriate? That now is the residence of Henry Watson and his wife. They are poor and destitute, and live upon charity.

It was not long after he married, that his father failed in business and lost his property, and Henry being brought up to no particular business, took hold of what first presented, but did not succeed, and was obliged to remove from one house to another, not being able to pay his rent, until he accepted this little house in Clay Cove, rent free, from his brother-in-law, Charles Clinton.

Poor Clara had been doubly paid for her folly, and repented in dust and ashes the stand she took against the poor mechanic. Her husband has but little education and no energy, and is in every sense, a poor tool.

Mary Clinton has too good a heart to reproach her cousin, and has been uncommonly kind and generous to her.

All is not gold that shines. Let the reader learn this lesson from the above story. Judge not a man by his business or profession, but look to the heart and disposition. Reproach no man on account of the sins and poverty of his parents. The rarest gems are often found on a dung-hill. Let this be the lesson you learn and our story will not have been written in vain.

"My name is Haines."

There are thousands of people in this country, who make use of the common expression, "my name is Haines," when they are about leaving a place or party suddenly, yet few know from whence the expression is derived. A more common saying, or one in more general use, has never been got up. We hear it in Maine and in Georgia, in Maryland and in Arkansas; it is in the mouths of the old and the young, the grave and the gay—in short, "my name is Haines" enjoys a popularity which no other cant phrase has ever attained. Having said this much of the reputation of the phrase, be it our next care to give its origin.

Some forty-five years since, a gentleman named Haines was travelling on horseback in the vicinity of Mr. Jefferson's residence in Virginia. Party spirit was running extremely high on those days. Mr. Jefferson was President, and Mr. Haines was a rank Federalist, and as a matter of course, a bitter opponent of the then existing administration and its head. He was not acquainted with Mr. Jefferson, and accidentally coming up with that gentleman, also travelling on horseback, his party zeal soon led him into conversation upon the all-absorbing topic. In the course of the conversation Haines took particular pains to abuse Mr. Jefferson, called him all sorts of hard names, run down every measure of his administration, poked the non-intercourse act at him as most outrageous and ruinous, ridiculed his gunboat system as preposterous and nonsensical, opposed his purchase of Louisiana as a wild scheme—in short, took every leading feature of the day, decanted on them and their originator with the greatest bitterness. Mr. Jefferson all the while said little. There was no such thing as getting away from his particular friend, and he did not exactly feel at liberty to combat his arguments.

They finally arrived in front of Mr. Jefferson's residence, Haines, of course, acquainted with the fact. Notwithstanding he had been abused and vilified "like a pick-pocket," to use an old saying. Mr. Jefferson, with the true Virginian hospitality and politeness, invited his travelling companion to alight and partake of some refreshment. Haines was about getting from his horse, when it occurred to him that he should ask his companion's name.

"Jefferson," said the President, blandly.

"What! Thomas Jefferson?"

"Yes, sir, Thomas Jefferson."

"President Thomas Jefferson," continued the astonished Federalist.

"The same," rejoined Mr. Jefferson.

"Well, my name is Haines," and putting spurs to his horse, he was out of hearing instantly. This, we are informed, was the origin of the phrase.

A GENIUS.—There was a fellow on the muster field clad in a large camel cloak, under which there appeared to be something large and unyielding. A friend of ours watched him for some time, and noticed several persons go up to him, when he would whisper something into their ears, then bend down, and after a few minutes they would separate, and he would assume an upright position. Our friend was determined to solve the mystery and see what all this meant—so watching an opportunity, he made up to him and whispered, "What have you got there?"—The man with the camel cloak eyed him for a moment, and then answered "Brandy and water—only fourpence a glass." It appeared that he had a two gallon stone jug filled with brandy and water, which he doled out at fourpence a glass. That man was a genius.—[Lowell Courier.

Revolutionary Incident.—McColloch's Leap.

The ground where Major Samuel McColloch took the great leap to avoid being made prisoner by the Indians, is but a few rods from Wheeling, and yet such is the negligence of those who inhabit the scenes of great exploits, that we venture the remark that not one dozen men have thought of Major McColloch, or been upon the table land from which that leap was taken, during the last year.

It was on the 27th of September, 1777, that Fort Henry was attacked by the Indians, led on by the notorious Simon Girty. The Indians were estimated at about five hundred warriors. The fort contained at first but forty-two fighting men, of these twenty-three were killed in the corn-field below the hill, before the attack on the fort. The siege of the fort was sustained by these nineteen men, until the next morning about daylight, when Major McColloch, brought forty mounted men from Short Creek to their relief.

The gate of the fort was thrown open and McColloch's men, though closely beset by the Indians, entered the fort in safety. McColloch like a brave officer, was the last man, and he was cut off from his men and nearly surrounded towards the hill, beset the whole way by Indians who might have killed him; but who wished to take him alive, that they might wreak their vengeance more satisfactorily upon one of the bravest and most successful Indian fighters on the frontier. He presumed he could ride along the ridge, and thus make his way again to Short Creek, but on arriving at the top he was headed by a hundred savages; on the west they were gathering thick and fast up the hill, among the trees and bushes, while the main body were following in his path.

He was hemmed in on all sides but the east, where the precipice was almost perpendicular, and the bed of the creek lay like a gulf near 200 feet beneath him. This too, would have been protected by the cautious savages, but the jutting crags of limestone and slate, forbade his climbing or descending it even on foot, and they did not for a moment suppose, that the fearless horseman or high-mettled steed could survive the leap if made. But with the major it was but a chance of death, and a narrow chance of life. He chose like a brave man. Setting himself back in his saddle, and his feet firmly in the stirrups, with his rifle in his left hand, and his reins adjusted in the right, he cast a look of defiance at the approaching savages, and pressing his spurs into his horse's flank, urged him over the cliff. In an instant of time, the Indians saw their mortal foe, whose daring act they had looked on with horror and astonishment, merging from the valley of the creek below, still safely seated on his noble steed, and shouting defiance to his pursuers.

There never was, we venture to say, in civilized or savage warfare, a more desperate or daring act than this leap of McColloch. We have looked at General Putnam's celebrated race-ground, and we would very much prefer his taste in the selection of a route for a morning ride; at least consulting our ease and convenience.—[Wheeling Times.

DIFFICULTIES OF LIFE.—A thunder cloud looks dark and terrific at a distance, but when it approaches near, it assumes a lighter appearance and passes off, leaving the heavens calm and delightful. Thus it is with the difficulties of life. Seen at a distance they are large and formidable. It seems impossible to surmount them. With faith and courage we press on, with a steady eye and a strong heart, and what appeared like mountains before, have dwindled to mole-hills. Now prosperity attends our steps and every thing looks bright and inviting before us.

There are those who are forever looking for and expecting some lion or other obstacle in their path, and when they discover some monstrous, black, hideous thing, their disordered imaginations are not slow to manufacture something terrible. Such characters you will find plodding their way in darkness and sorrow, scarcely doing enough daily to keep the breath of life in their bodies. Ask them, why don't you go ahead and do something?—and they will reply with a death groan or a heavy sigh—"Oh dear, I wish I could; but every thing is against me." And then their cadaverous looks are enough to give common men the blues or something worse. How common such characters are.

"I have seen them. Like hooding owls, creep into the night, and hide their fears to one another nightly."

A word to the fearful and trembling. Do you know that while you are brooding over the imaginary evils of life, the springs of your existence are rapidly drying up? In a few more years—perhaps days—you will waste the vital energies of life and sink into the grave, decrepid and worn out, when you are but in the meridian of life. It is true as Thomson says—

"Desponding fear, of feeble fancies full,
Weak and unmanly, loosens every power."

Have faith and courage. Look above and beyond the gloomy circle in which you move, and instead of lurking in mouldy church yards, among rusty bones and broken skulls, fly away to the bright and beautiful in nature. You will yet be men again. There is hope even for you. Take a fresh start this delightful morning, and shake yourselves thoroughly from the sluggish weights of despondency and sorrow—declaring with the poet—

"My heart is free;
There's naught within the compass of humanity
I would dare do."

Courage, then, courage. Rise with the determination never to sink again, nor sit despondingly beneath the harrow of despondency. With this resolution your work is half accomplished. Success will follow in your track. [Portland Tribune.

A prisoner being brought up at a London Police office, the following dialogue passed between him and the magistrate:

"How do you live?"

"Pretty well, sir; generally a little beef and pudding at dinner."

"I mean sir, how do you get your bread?" said the magistrate.

"I beg your worship's pardon; sometimes at the baker's, and sometimes at the Chandler's shop."

"You may be as witty as you please, sir; but I mean simply to ask you, how do you do?"

"Tolerably well, I thank you; I hope your worship is well also."

"My lad," said a young lady to a boy, carrying an empty mail bag, "are you the mail boy?"

"Ye durn't think I iz the female boy, durn ye?"

Farms for Sale.

A FARM situated in the town of Gardiner, in the County of Penobscot, containing about 120 acres, suitably divided into mowing, tillage, pasture and woodland, with a good and sufficient orchard; and there is now kept on the premises a drove of head of horned cattle and a horse, and will be in a condition to keep more stock next year; is well fenced, affording suitable and sufficient water, good and sufficient buildings, and within 5 and 6 miles of three cloth manufacturing establishments. The subscriber will take in payment a part in having sheep kept, a small part at the time of giving possession in cash, and the remainder with mortgage security.

Those wishing to purchase a farm may be assured that they will scarcely fail of being suited in one or the other of these farms after an examination of the premises, as they will find all the conveniences and privileges above related, as the subscriber well knows, to one unacquainted, viewing and scrutinizing over the premises aforesaid, will be the best recommendation.

For further information enquire of the subscriber living on the farm in Gardiner.

A. L. BARTON.
September 15, 1845.

Farm for Sale.

THE subscriber, being out of health, offers for sale his farm, situated in Augusta, on the fourth mile east from the river, and six miles from the village, being near one of the best farms in the State. This farm contains 70 acres of first rate land, well proportioned as to pasture and tillage, and is well watered, and is well divided into 40 lots; there are seven acres of intervals. The buildings are convenient, and mostly new. The farm is well watered, and has a small orchard of good fruit. Any one wishing for a good farm at all will do well to buy this. Said farm was formerly owned by Edward Robbins.

For further information, inquire of the subscriber on the premises, of John Dorr, at the Kennebec Journal office, Dr. Oliver Prescott, Vassalboro', or of the Publisher of the Maine Farmer, HARTFORD MEADOW, August 26, 1845.

SPLENDID FARM.

THE subscriber, wishing to change his residence, offers for sale the Farm on which he lives; it is situated in the town of Alna, County of Lincoln, upon the Tide Water of Sheepscot River, only five miles above vessel navigation. The lot contains about 200 acres of land, one half of which is covered with a beautiful and very valuable growth of Wood and Lumber, consisting of Hemlock and Pine, Red and White Oak, Soft and Hard Wood, all of which is accessible at any season of the year, and in the immediate vicinity of a good market. The residue is finely apportioned into Mowing, Tillage and Pasture. The Farm is under good cultivation—cuts annually 60 tons of Hay, and is susceptible of being so extended to satisfy our most enterprising and extensive husbandmen. It is capable of making two choice farms. The buildings are ample and convenient, and in prime condition throughout. There is an abundant supply of good water for all useful purposes. The buildings are located upon a delightful and healthy eminence, half a mile distant from two Churches—two Saw-mills—two Grist-mills and various other machinery.

The whole or a part of the above premises will be sold at a bargain and a perfect title given. Terms of payment will also be made easy to purchasers. The subscriber will be happy to answer inquiries in relation to the foregoing, and would also take the liberty to refer to the following gentlemen:

Carlton Dole, Esq., } Augusta.
T. Myrick, M. D., }
Ezekiel Holmes, Esq., }
Elisha J. Ford, M. D., }
Col. John Glidden, Newell, }
Moses H. Smith, Esq., Warren, }
James Ford, Gray, }
Stephen Cook, Esq., Newburyport, }
Pelag W. Clough, Esq., Boston, }
John C. Dodge, Esq., Cambridgeport, }
Rev. Benj. F. Barrett, New York, }
Alna, September, 1845.

Farm for sale.

THE subscriber, wishing to dispose of his farm, offers the same for sale. It is situated in the town of Waterville, in the County of Cumberland, containing one hundred and seventy-five acres of good land, consisting of tillage, pasture and wood land. The buildings are, with the exception of the barn, in first rate repair, and the land can be put, with very little outlay, in good condition. The buildings consist of a good dwelling house, a very large barn, a cider mill, and hog house. There are two wells of water on the place, one at the house and one at the barn. There is a large orchard, which yields about eight hundred bushels of apples. The crop of hay amounts to about thirty tons. The pastures are large and well watered.

This farm is situated in a delightful place, and within a few miles of Waterville, which affords a good market. It will be sold at a great bargain. For further particulars apply to SAMUEL KIMBALL of West Waterville, OLIVER PRESCOTT of Vassalboro', HARTFORD MEADOW of Augusta, or the subscriber on the premises.

GEORGE W. DEARBORN.
West Waterville, Sept. 15, 1845.

Farm for Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale, or to exchange for a small house situated in the village of Waterville, a farm, consisting of about thirty acres of land, two thirds of which is under tillage. Said farm is situated two miles from Kennebec Bridge, on the road leading from Augusta to Thomaston. Possession given immediately, and credit for the purchase money.

A. KINCAID, at Kennebec Bridge.
August 15, 1845.

To Grain Growers.

THE subscribers hereby give notice, that they continue the business of building PITTS' MACHINE FOR THRASHING AND CLEANING GRAIN at their shop in Waterville, a few rods south of the Woolen Factory. Also the Common Thrasher without the Cleaner, and will furnish PITTS' HORSE POWERS to such as may wish to purchase. All persons wishing to purchase are invited to call and examine for themselves.

SAMUEL BENJAMIN, CYRUS DAVIS.
Waterville, August 2, 1845.

Notice of Foreclosure.

I HEREBY give notice that I hold a mortgage on a certain tract of Land situate in Augusta, on the East side of Kennebec River, being the Southern half of lot numbered 44, according to Winslow's plan, dated June, 1761; bounded Westerly by Kennebec River; Northerly by the other half of said lot; Easterly by an eight rod road, and Southerly by an eight rod road, between lots 43 and 44; containing fifty acres, more or less, with all the buildings and appurtenances—as will appear by reference to said mortgage deed, given to me by Robert Stockpole, August 19th, 1836, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for Kennebec County, book 99, page 97. The conditions of said mortgage having been broken, I hereby call to foreclose the same, agreeably to the Statute in such cases provided.

WILLIAM A. BROOKS.
August 14, 1845.

Cabinet Work at Reduced Prices!

DAVID KNOWLTON,
ON OAK STREET, would inform the public that he continues to carry on the Cabinet business, a few rods west of Granite Block, on Oak Street, where he keeps a small assortment of Furniture. Persons wishing to purchase, are invited to call and examine before they purchase elsewhere. OLD FURNITURE Repaired in the best manner and at short notice.

August 15, 1845.

N. B. COFFINS of various sizes kept on hand at the above shop.

Plows! Plows!

The subscriber, having been appointed agent for the sale of the celebrated PROUTY & MEARS' PLOW, would inform the farmers of this vicinity that he has now on hand a large assortment of the various kinds manufactured by D. Prouty & Co., Boston. These plows are manufactured of the best materials, and are warranted to give satisfaction. Individuals who purchase the above Plows may depend upon being furnished with new castings when wanted, at fair prices. Country merchants will be supplied at low rates. Farmers and others are invited to call and examine.

H. W. FAIRBANKS,
No. 4, Phoenix Buildings, Water St.
August 2, 1845.

Bleeding at the Lungs.

N. H. Down's Vegetable Balmic Elixir, is the most efficient remedy known for the most published in the New York papers, from Alderman Mer